

WAR CRY



VOL. X. NO. 32. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, MAY 12, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

The Commandant's North-West Trip Proves a Remarkable Success. —

IN TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS SEVEN THOUSAND MILES WERE COVERED.

Twenty-Eight Meetings were Conducted, besides a number of Open-Air Demonstrations and Receptions at Railway Stations en route.



CORDOVA STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Sinners were Saved, Soldiers and Christians Inspired.

INTENSE PUBLIC INTEREST WAS AROUSED.

Ho, for the Jubilee "War Cry."—May 19th.

MRS. BOOTH

VISITS

OSHAWA.

Splendid Reception at Railway.

A BIG CROWD AT THE TOWN HALL.

A Two Hours' Meeting.

MAGNIFICENT EXPRESSIONS OF LOYALTY FROM SOLDIERS.

Mrs. Booth left Toronto, for Oshawa, by the 5:30 train on Monday afternoon, to conduct a great meeting at the Oshawa Town Hall.

It is not often Oshawa is stirred as it was on the occasion of Mrs. Booth's visit.

As the train glided into the Oshawa Depot, the place appeared *en fete*.

"What's on?" said a passenger, "A wed-

ding?"
Brigadier de Barratt, and a number of officers were on the platform to receive Mrs. Booth, while, outside the station, a number of vehicles, filled with happy, expectant Salvationists, in lively colored gird, and wearing welcome banners, and with gay buntinged streets, waited to fire a downtown volley, and in every possible way, show how very real was their welcome to our co-leader in the War.

As the string of vehicles proceeded up Stinson Street, a large number of people lined the town crossways, for a look at the Army's leader.

Mrs. Booth highly appreciated the warm welcome, and spontaneous expressions of love that greeted her.

It was a big crowd that assembled in the Town Hall for the meeting, while the pitch-fork end of the hall was filled with a similarly packed host of war-heated Salvationists who had come, some of them, twenty and thirty miles to be present. No wonder God blessed them, and that before the meeting tears of joy were descending from many an eye.

"And how the baby!" said a dear sister who had come three miles to prepare Mrs. Booth a sack of food at the quarter.

"Oh, he is better now," replied Mrs. Booth. "We have had such a trying time with him; he was twice given up by the doctor, but I am glad to say he is doing beautifully now."

The meeting was jubilant. Brigadier de Barratt, Ensign Hay, Captain Banks, Lieutenant Tucker, and numerous other converts from Bowesville, Whitby, and neighboring towns, looked very happy. Johnny George declared in pure German, "I'm gettin' young again."

Both the Methodist ministers were present. Rev. Mr. Jeffries occupied a seat on the platform.

Mrs. Booth sang us that exquisite song,

"Farewell."

and gave an interesting and convincing account of Army progress in Canada that excited many a soldier, winding up with a poignant appeal for practical religion.

"Well," said a lady, "those statistics convinced me."

The choicer time, spiritually, was in the soldiers' assembly, after the public meeting. All hearts seemed touched as Mrs. Booth gave the Commandant's message to the soldiers. No more loyal response could possibly emanate from any soldiers than presented from the lips of the soldiers at Oshawa. There were assembled men who had been despotic sinners and high-handed rebels against their Maker, but they took with weeping eyes and heavy hearts the story of their rescue, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, till the hallowed influence seemed to pervade every soul. A brother said, "If I cannot do anything else, I can weep."

About 11:30 p.m. the meeting concluded with a hand-clapping movement to be true to God and the Army, and to bring in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Booth had pressing invitations to visit Oshawa and several other corps, which were represented in that gathering.

"Redeeming the Time" is an Important Duty.

What does it matter if we lose a few minutes in a whole day? Answer: Time-table (days in a year, 313; working hours in a day, eight). Five minutes lost each day is in a year three days, two hours, and five minutes; ten minutes is six days, four hours and ten minutes; twenty in thirteen days, and twenty minutes; thirty minutes in nineteen days, four hours, and thirty minutes; sixty minutes is thirty-nine days, one hour.

A HOT JUBILEE!

BY COMMANDER RAILTON.

Our German Press unfortunately takes its English news chiefly from those English newspapers which are supposed to represent "the upper ten," but which, as far as the Army is concerned, represents the shameless and continual lying of men who can conceive of nothing better than their own stupidity and selfishness. Therefore, the paragraph up to the Jubilee which has so far given the rounds, pictures the whole thing as a mere scheme to get another million marks for the General's own disposal according to the custom of the Salvation Army.

Well, we are not at all ashamed that it is the custom of the Salvation Army to place millions of marks at the General's feet, to speak. That need to be the style of giving when God had an Army before, and may it never, so far as we are concerned, be altered into any approach to the committeeing foolishness of the untrusting and unwarthy crowd!

But I must confess that paragraph has made me extra believing that God will confound all these enemies once more, not only by granting that all the money, and more, may come streaming in, without difficulty or delay, but by demonstrating that His judgments and will gratify the heart of our General, and of us all, better than the blind world.

What an encouragement to everybody's faith should it just to look back upon the General's fifty years! When we say of Christ and the saints of old that they are intended to be leaders in faith and service, it seems often so hopeless to get anywhere near them. But now God will, I trust, through this Jubilee, raise up before the eyes of all the world His present champion, and make many a little, doubting soul see how much may be done in one truly God-given lifetime.

But now here is at once a test of our faith. If God can do so much in fifty years of one life,

What can He do in Three Months of Two Hundred?

If only each two hundred of the whole Salvation Army would regard their April-May-June test in that light, what a July we should have!

And, thank God, the signs of the time, at any rate in England and Australia, point to the probability of an extraordinary three months. Every report of a new salvation outbreak on land and ground gives reason to expect a general baptism of faith and love, and a renewal in every heart and life of the first devotion and the first energies, which are so difficult to repeat when the first energies are past.

But this whole question is one of individualism. We all wish that to the one individual most concerned, the Jubilee may be most satisfactory. And we all know, as do pretty nearly all honest men in the civilised world (which does not, of course, include all editors), that the only way to make it so, is for everyone to see that he and she attain all the fulness of Jubilee blessing.

That means a hot Jubilee! There are plenty of cold ones in the world, where, in spite of all appearance of enthusiasm, all manner of drinking, feasting, and speculating, everybody knows that there is no love at all left on shore. But here, by the grace of God, is to be a hot Jubilee, in which the great feature is to be the making of the largest possible number of persons to a red-hot condition of love to everybody else.

What is your part in the matter going to be? If you are red-hot, you will certainly have no share with the poor, little critics, who will peck at every proposal made as they come, "but you will peck the whole thing with all the energy you can."

But if you are not red-hot already, what then?

If you prefer to stay lukewarm, nothing will be easier than to "hold aloof from the whole non-worshipping affair" and even make it an excuse for withdrawing "from all further connection with the Army," the only safe thing for you to do if you are really sure of getting coolly to heaven.

But if you really fear, lost a promise having been left you, you should not enter in through some unusual, or other failure or absence of heart, then the best thing you can do, is to seek at once God's help to make the times you can of the Jubilee, first for yourself, and then for the world. I am perfectly certain that every one of us will have to answer to God

for it, if we in any way fail to make the most of the chance.

And yet I can quite imagine some dear, half-awakened soul—possibly even an officer—opening his eyes, and asking, "But what has the Jubilee to do with me?"

What, indeed!

What will it have got to do with you if it should turn out that one of the most wonderful uprisings of God's people that ever happened in the world's history, happened all around you, and that you never saw that you had anything to do with it?

The General has put before us all practical plans enough, so that nobody can fail to see in them some chance for his own personal activity. But I rather wish to urge, above and beyond all that, direct dealing with God on the matter, so that we may do all He expects of us. Then the Jubilee will not merely be a mere transitory effort, but will go on with its effects producing other jubilees for ever after.

You may perhaps reasonably ask me what I mean to do. I have thought the only sufficient way to celebrate the Jubilee would be to

Attack One of the Unattached Kingdoms,

and especially that one which distinguished itself by replying to our first International Congress address, "We won't have you here!" Now that they have to do with a German Army, they cannot quite say that; but, whatever they may say or do, we shall certainly be able, at least, to put the whole country into that state of fear and dread, which is the first stage of the conquest. We have taken the best means we can to arouse the attention of the German Government and people to our coming, so that if they have any objections, they may make them in time to guide a little the form of our attack.

The experience of the last few days has greatly encouraged me on this subject. Right up to the Russian frontier, miles away from our nearest corps, I have found how general and how deep is the understanding of our essential purpose, and the value of our accomplishment.

"So you want to convert us, too?" was the salute of the friendly policeman as we walked into the village.

"What! those fake prophets? Why, they'll take my pipe away!" was the outcome of a pious smoker when invited to our meeting.

It is a positive embarrassment to us that anybody who dares to take our WAR CRY is at once made identified with us by everybody that cannot easily resist his entreaty for just one meeting to help him to gather a nucleus of supporters; and yet, on the other hand, the fanatical hatred against us on the part of all the combined forces of unbelief and evil make every fresh step bear testimony to the reality of our power, and of the enemy's power, too.

Everyone of the thirty-five fortified, well-manned posts of cordial visitors for the Commandant, and Mrs. Booth, etc., by his side, was radiant with the happiness shared with others.

But the climax of the whole—as usual—

was the Commandant's sparkling address, full of ever-varying anecdotes and graphic incidents of his long journey; full of enthusiasm for the grand North-West and its infinite possibility.

His account of the journey was so fully descriptive and so pictorial that we felt if we almost travelled over the whole 7,000 miles again, without stirring from our comfortable chairs.

But at last the unfolding of his own schemes for the great Jubilee of our side General almost took away our breath.

Truly, without any doubt, if these proposals can all be launched—as they surely will—Canada will once more, not only lead the way, but surpass the rest of the world in the direction of aggressive effort in spreading the Kingdom of Christ in this year when we celebrate the fiftieth year of our General's commencement of his public ministry.

Desperately Infatuated in his Sanity,

with the power of the blow. He used them, perhaps, extra hard to emphasize his contempt for all we could say, but I was much struck with the amount of heat got out of a handful of sticks in a few moments with plenty of blow.

I thought, That is it—plenty of blow. Keep blowing, and no matter how little the handful of people upon whom plenty of the heavenly beams comes—is made to come, that is—you will keep up heat enough to melt steel hearts. Do not let us, like the Christian world, be confused and paralyzed about the share of Divine and human power. The last fifty years' story is one vast demonstration of the extent to which God has placed the heavenly breezes at the disposal of one vigorous man.

We have got breezes capable of making with one effort a roar of fire in every corner of the world. And the poor world is still cold enough. Now, take hold and

Blow for all ye are Worth.

Let us have more heart-making, more life-compelling in 1894 than we ever accomplished in fifty years before. I'm certain we can if we like.

A daily paper in Hamilton, O., headed its announcement of the arrival of the Army with a large-typed "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!"

Welcome Home, Commandant!

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

Startling Jubilee Programme.

UNITY AND VICTORY.

The Welcome tea at the Parkdale Room House, given by Mrs. Booth on the occasion of the Commandant's safe arrival from his flying trip to the Coast, eclipsed everything that has gone before of the same character—in its exquisite dainty grand arrangement, and cordial affection.

The Toronto Staff, with Headquarters and Rescue officers, were present in full force.

The band greeted our Chieftain merrily with a beautiful chorus :

"Welcome, welcome home."

Amongst so many charming forms, it is difficult to know which to dwell upon first.

Whether the beauty of the long dining-room, with its simple, yet all-effective decoration, the quantities of gay tapestry draped in every corner, or the masses of choice flowers and evergreens filling the air with a fragrance of summer.

The "uniformity of uniform" making the place all bright and cheerful with the yellow, red, and blue, and the white sash of the Rescue officers.

Or still more effective, the expression of warm-hearted willingness and love on the faces of those who ministered to our needs, and whose hands had toiled busily and spontaneously to effect so charming a success.

The long table, laden with shining glass and simple dainties, especially fruit, we surrounded by as thankful and happy a crowd as could be found the wide-world over.

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The Fight at Richmond

Captains and Mrs. Savage hold the first

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Brothers Donal-
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While at Port Arthur went to the States. We spent 400 all told.

Reached Winni-
peg, Lowry, and

Such a neat, com-
munity is this one.

How
Toronto
At Port Arthur
Presented—
Seals—Two
Drums Pre-
parations
New

On Saturday n-
Arthur was pack-
tation of colors.
folk they are.

Mrs. Read pre-
pared for the
itself were
many were ignor-
ing of the tri-
they listened, as
Captain Milner re-
of the corps. Bo-
were presented to
and soldiers.

We had heard
drills at Port
crowd on this spe-
spanning the har-
the seats nearly full
and fifty had grad-
breakfast.

With such a com-
table, filled with
strength. P
the whole DOME

At our Fort
five strong
delivered mouth
had been
smoking, he tol-
and promised to
lent, in the
Another's tempe-
gave him perfect
testified to comp-

The Fort Wil-
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Home, Commandant

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Winnipeg Staff, with Headquarters officers, were present in full

and greeted our Chieftain with a beautiful chorus :

"Welcome, welcome home."

so many charming features, it is to know which to dwell upon for the beauty of the long day, with its simple, yet all-effective, the quantities of gay flags every corner, or the masses of flowers and evergreens filling the fragrance of summer.

"Uniformity of uniform" makes all bright and cheerful with its red, and blue, and the white robes of officers.

more effective the expression of parted willingness and love on the faces who ministered to our needs—no hands had toiled busily and busily to effect so charming a sumptuous table, laden with shining glasses, dainties, especially fruit, and served by as thankful and happy a host as could be found the wide-world.

one of the thirty-five testifies, with a full of cordial affection, commandant, and Mrs. Booth, who, was radiant with the happiness of others.

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left the unfolding of his colour, or the great Jubilee of our side almost took away our breath, without any doubt, if these plans will once more, not only but surpass the rest of the well direction of aggressive effort to a Kingdom of Christ in this year celebrate the fiftieth year of commencement of his public

at Richmond St.

and Mrs. Savage hold the first annual fighting ground. A week's services were inaugurated by the Brigadier and Mrs. de Burgh Atwell, Clark and Horn. Got also unexpectedly turned in. The united soldiers' meeting on the review was apparent at the east, and in conjunction with various other city corps, a gathering notable at the early morning.

Praise God! Fighting took the form of a hymn. God drew near to us in a most manner.

afternoon and night the battle newly-formed bands braved the cold, and our comrades from Manitoba came over to give us a night of courage bravely and well. Drums, violin, brass instruments, etc., were all to the front, and made melody to our Lord, and

meetings were well fought and signals pronounced our commandant Street in as good spirits had known them for some time above-mentioned for events that g the day, took part in what described A pound of sugar at night we returned our souls saved.

and Mrs. Savage are a soldier.

How Shall we Celebrate the General's Jubilee in Canada? See Next Week.

FROM

Toronto to Winnipeg.

(Continued.)

At Port Arthur and Fort William—Colors Presented—150 at Kneel-Drill!—Seven Souls—Two Town Halls Filled—Drums Presented—Great Expectations—A Change—New Barracks—Provisions.

BY MAJOR READ.

On Saturday night, the barracks at Port Arthur was packed to witness the presentation of colors. What free, jolly, happy folks they are. We felt at home.

Mrs. Read presented the brand new flag. Its colors were explained, and evidently many were ignorant as to the proper meaning of the tri-colored banner. Eagerly they listened, and glad they looked, as Captain Milner received the flag on behalf of the corps. Both big and little drums were presented to the corps by kind friends and soldiers.

We had heard a lot about the big kneedrills at PORT ARTHUR. We expected a crowd on this special Sunday morning. On opening the barracks door, we found the tents nearly full. Over one hundred and fifty had gathered for early spiritual breakfast. LEST! How's that, Winnipeg? With such a crowd, at such a spiritual table, filled with such spiritual dainties, we, of course, partook, and came away strengthened. PORT ARTHUR CHALLENGES THE WHOLE DOMINION IN THIS RESPECT.

At our Fort William Holiness meeting, five strong men knelt from the Cross for deliverance from inbred sin. One's mouth had been gagged by the use of tobacco. Pulling a dirty "plug" out of his pocket, he told Mrs. Read to burn it, and promised to bring his dirty pipe, and burn that, in the afternoon, which he did. Another's temper had overcome him. God gave him perfect love. The other three testified to complete deliverance.

The Fort William Town Hall had been granted free of cost for the afternoon and night meeting. It was well filled in the afternoon. Numbers of people, who had never attended an Army meeting, came to see and hear, and they enjoyed it, too. Captain Hayes passed the colors over to her last convert, who is to act as color-bearer, and he feels it a privilege to do so.

Brother Brown kindly drove us back to Port Arthur for the night meeting, while Mrs. Read remained at "the Fort." At each place the town hall was literally packed to excess, the aisles being filled up by those who could not find seats.

Two knots at the stage in the night meeting at Port Arthur, where the place was literally packed. At each place the people send a plenteous supply of food to the officers. A new barracks is urgently needed at both places, and no doubt ere many months each corps will be worshipping under their own vault and flag-staff.

Captain Harwood, his Lieutenant and comrades had been working almost night and day to get their barracks ready for opening. It is a neat, trim little building that would be a credit to any place. The officers and soldiers have built it themselves in order to save expense. A nearer little building it would be hard to find. Saturday night we had addressed to the old "Tavern," as the little black hall is called, where we have been holding our meetings previously, and took possession of our new barracks. We rejoiced greatly at the close of the first meeting over one prodigal coming home. This was especially encouraging on account of the hardness of the fight at Heart's Content.

Sunday—morning, afternoon and night we had wonderful times. Building crowded in the afternoon; and at night, blessed by God, two souls were on their knees crying for mercy. To God be all the praise.

Monday, we had with us Seely Cove comrades and officers, also officers from

TO OUR GENERAL.

BY GEORGE LOGAN.

Half an age, half an age,
All of salvation.
Still fights on "Grand old man,"
No resignation!
"Forward!" his motto is,
Failure, no word of his,
Fifty years' bloodshed,
All of salvation.
Leading his great brigade,
Never lost dismayed,
To every nation.
Nobly he's fought, and well,
Trying man's nob to small,
On to the mouth of hell
Bringing salvation.
Devils to right of him,
Devils to left of him,
Devils in front of him
Working damnation.
Stormed by letterpress,
Soared for his thoroughness,
Headless, he's marched alone,
Bringing the submerged class
Food and salvation.
When can his glory fade?
Oh! the grand work he's made:
All the world wondered!
Honor to whom his due,
Honor the good and true,
Angels be thanked!
Honor the work he's done,
Loud let our thanks be sung,
"God bless our General!"

Hunt's Harbor. Captain Clarke from Harbor Grace was also there in charge of the banquet arrangements. Building was full. Much interest manifested everywhere, and prospects are brighter than ever.

Apart from the banquet we realized over eleven dollars in the collections, and for the week-end, best of all, we praised God for the prodigal coming home, and still there's more to follow.

On board the steamer again by 2:30 next morning for the return journey to St. John's in order to meet and welcome our new Provincial Officer, Major and Mrs. Morris. This time the weather was everything that could be desired in crossing the barrens. Drove right through to Harbor Grace, and got there just in time to see the nine o'clock train steaming away in the distance. Happily, Salvationists can adapt themselves to circumstances. Having to wait over, therefore, until next day, Tuesday was spent doing some local business and correspondence, and at night I had the pleasure of another meeting with the comrades of Harbor Grace. We went in for a proper time. Captain Clark had returned home from assisting at Heart's Content and she had a hearty welcome. God came very near, and after some faithful fighting, eight souls knelt at the Cross. Captain Knight reports souls almost every night.

Among the eight referred to, were two brothers especially who had been the subjects of many prayers. Blessed be God, at last they yielded to the Spirit. Truly God is good. Our hearts were full of joy over their

THE
Commandant Returns

TO THE

Toronto Friday Night Campaign.

A MAGNIFICENT FIRST MEETING.

Grand Penitential Finish.

TEN SEEKERS FOR PARDON
AND PURITY.

The Commandant, having returned from the North-West, resumed command of the Friday evening meetings, at Elm Street Y.W.C.A. Hall, next day, and conducted a first-rate, lively meeting, the finale of which was crowned with ten persons publicly seeking the forgiveness of sin, or the second blessing.

"That's the thing that has been my difficulty," said a man in working attire, as he drew from his pocket a huge clay pipe.

"Give it up, then, and trust in God for the victory," we replied. He did so.

As Mrs. Booth took the pipe in her hand, and looked at it, by contrast it seemed more hideously dirty than ever.

There was a very excellent congregation present; each door had to be opened so that the greatest possible capacity of the room was made available.

The Commandant appeared in a new role, viz., that of a banjoist, and executed a very nice string accompaniment to a solo he sang.

Ensign Tiersen, whose voice is recovering its wonted strength, warbled the favorite song, which has worn wonderfully well for several years:

"Let me hear Thy voice now speaking,
Let me hear, and I'll obey!"

The Commandant said he desired to express his great gratitude to God for being spared to lead another Friday night. He desired this return home to be the commencement of a new and more prosperous epoch than any heretofore. He also gave some particulars of the trip up West, which has evidently been a wonderful time of victory.

Amongst a number of interesting testimonies was one from Ensign Hale, whom the Commandant had brought from the West. The Ensign said at one time she had craved for holiness, but when she came to the end of herself and yielded up every selfish desire, the Lord came and sanctified her, and now "I praise Him for a holy heart and life; to do His will is heaven."

Mrs. Booth spoke touchingly of the alabaster box of ointment which a woman broke for the Saviour's anointing, and applied the truth that Mary had done well in expending her precious treasure on the Lord before He died and while He could appreciate it, and that the fragrance of similar deeds a little oftener amongst us would avert much trouble considerably, also that the thing Jesus looks for now is broken-hearted people—people who have the old haughty spirit of self crucified in actual fact; it is such that He deigns to use.

"What," said Mrs. Booth, "is the odour of your character amongst your associates? Does it savour of the Christ-Spirit?"

There was much conviction all around, and after a well-fought prayer meeting, a grand row of penitents had come forward, for which we shouted praises to God.

Next Week's 'War Cry.'

THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE YEAR.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the
Commencement of the Public Ministry
of WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder of the
Salvation Army.

Newfoundland Compost.

BY ADJUTANT SHELTON.

(Continued from last week.)

Captain Harwood, his Lieutenant and comrades had been working almost night and day to get their barracks ready for opening. It is a neat, trim little building that would be a credit to any place. The officers and soldiers have built it themselves in order to save expense. A nearer little building it would be hard to find. Saturday night we had addressed to the old "Tavern," as the little black hall is called, where we have been holding our meetings previously, and took possession of our new barracks. We rejoiced greatly at the close of the first meeting over one prodigal coming home. This was especially encouraging on account of the hardness of the fight at Heart's Content.

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coming home to Jesus. To say we were happy is a very mild way of putting it, we rejoiced greatly. The soldiers in the prayer-meeting did magnificently, some stooping to their knees and others "fishing" earnestly and successfully. Wednesday morning made for St. John's.

In the eight days since leaving St. John's I've travelled some 180 miles, over 40 of them by road; conducted 11 indoor meetings, and seen 15 souls crying for mercy, making a total of 23 for the fortnight. Praise God!

* * *

Brigade-Captain Goodby writes as follows:—"I have walked over 400 miles, and have 60 more to go before reaching my headquarters. I have seen good times and souls saved." God bless and sustain our faithful comrade!

* * *

From all round the Island news come to hand of victorious times and souls crying for mercy. Hallelujah!

Read next week's Jubilee WAR CRY and you will see half a hundred new ideas for this year, in the Commandant's notes.



The Commandant Takes the "Cry" all to Himself Next Week

INTERVIEW

WITH

Commandant Booth.

(From the Winnipeg " Tribune," April 25th.)

Phenomenal Advance Made by the Army in Vancouver—The General's Visit.

Monster Army Demonstration Commencing on Saturday at the Station—Sunday Meetings.



WINNIPEG.

COMMANDANT BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, returned from the Coast on Saturday afternoon, and the occasion was celebrated by a monster Army demonstration commencing at the station. Every part of the platform was crowded.

Soldiers and officers had come in from all the surrounding towns and villages, and in addition to these, it is estimated that about 4,000 civilians were present, either from sympathy or curiosity. After the usual Salvation greeting, in which the lung power of the Army soldier is never by any means reserved, a large ring was formed at the open space on the east side of the depot, and a baggage car row did service as a platform.

Captain Little Lowry, in this city, publicly welcomed the Commandant to Winnipeg.

Commandant Booth responded in a short, but eloquent speech, saying in effect that he was glad to be in Winnipeg again, as he had very pleasant remembrances of his last visit. Canada was a big country, and when riding across its massive stretch, he had at times felt like the old Indian woman, who had for the first time to take a trip by rail. She had never seen a train, and when she saw the iron monster standing in the station, nothing could persuade her that it could be made to go. She was, however, prevailed upon to get into the car, and when she was nicely seated, the train started in due course, little did they then know that she was going so fast that her fears took an opposite turn, and all the legends her friends could not convince her that the train could be made to stop. The whistling assistance professed by his long ride had apparently yet left him. He spoke also of his thankfulness at the Army's progress wherever he had been.

The Provincial Secretary, Major Read, followed with a fluent and earnest speech, in which he expressed his pleasure at being in Winnipeg. The band then struck up, and the large assembly dispersed, the officers and soldiers going to the barracks.

Commandant Booth was interviewed by a Tribune reporter at the Army Headquarters, on Jemina street. He said that his impressions during the past fortnight had indeed been happy. The Army had found to be making rapid progress wherever he had been, and more especially was this the case in Victoria and Vancouver. Crowded meetings had been held at every station along the line where there was the slightest opportunity, even, for instance, at a place like Moose Jaw there were between 500 and 600 people to welcome them.

"Our recent work at Victoria has been very fruitful of results, and many are thankful to God for its initiation."

"Have you made any arrangements in regard to the General's visit?"

"It would be early for me to enter into any explanation of my plans."

"Could you give me an idea as to what place he will visit, that is to stay off?"

"He will visit Victoria, Vancouver, Calgary, Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg and Port Arthur."

"Are they not making big arrangements in London in consequence of the General's visit to the church?"

"This being the General's Jubilee year in God's service, the largest demonstration the Army has ever held will be seen in the Crystal Palace, London. Officers and soldiers from every corner and part of the world will take part. It is estimated that 570,000 will be raised throughout the world to further the Army's extension in recognition of the occasion.

The Services.

Although Commandant Booth was suffering from a very severe cold, which at times appeared to trouble him greatly while speaking throughout the meetings yesterday, yet he held control of the Army ship from 7 a.m. yesterday morning till 11 p.m. last night, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the result of his labours in "catching seven fine fish," as it is called in Army language. The early morning meetings have been well attended. "Hallelujah, Hallelujah," was uttered by 140 Brigadier Holland, who is travelling with Commandant Booth, as Private Secretary, was

of students who have graduated, made their degree of D. D., and are now flying away bravely in their corps.

The Commandant.

— IN THE —

"GREAT NORTH-WEST."

Interesting Notes and Incidents of His Brandon, Portage, and Winnipeg Campaign.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

At the Brandon depot reception, hundreds of people welcomed our leader and his A. D. C. Brigadier Holland. Looked a true soldier, mounted as he was, on a neat little pony.

The Commandant played the part of a haleirkish showman in the Brandon meeting. A real, live menagerie faced that big audience, and as the showman brought forth different exhibits, great was the enthusiasm.

Captains McGill and Robert Smith came into the Brandon Jubilee. These are old and well-tried veterans, having done good service as outsiders. Having read so much in the C.W. about their past exploits, we were glad to see them. Their sun-burnt faces tell a tale.

It is a fact that the Mayor of Portage is Prairies, as also Dr. Rutherford and Mr. Watson, the Minister for Public Works, greatly enjoyed themselves in that afternoon meeting held by the Commandant. They took part, too. There was a day when the doctor did not care for the Army drum. It frightened his horses so much, but all this has changed now.

Then the Mayor, in his neat little speech, promised to do all he could for the Army; while the Minister for Public Works declared that the Government should certainly come to the Army's aid in building a new barracks at Portage. In his inimitable happy way, the Commandant made all feel at home, and after this meeting met the sergeants in reference to the proposed building scheme.

When it was mooted that Mrs. Booth pay some day visit Winnipeg and the West Provinces, a shout of joy went up from hundreds of throats and hearts, and whenever

the news was announced, many students who have graduated, made their degree of D. D., and are now flying away bravely in their corps.

We were pleased to meet with some of comrades in the war, among them his Captain Joe and Mrs. Elliott, Captain Hewitt, Captain Green, Lieutenant Green, all associated with our old command in the Chatham Division, six years ago. Do they stand? Of course they do.

Both Eugenia Rawling and Captain St. worked hard at all the arrangements for their special meetings. God mighty bless their efforts, and though "behind the scenes" in a sense, they are well to the front in the matter of hard toil and labor for Jesus, and they will have their hands full all the time God bless them.

At the close of Sunday night's meeting the Commandant almost danced. Round and round a chair he marched. We thought at one time that in regular Newmarket style he would have gone into the air. Oh, how's face shone, and how he seemed to enjoy it! No wonder, for had not eighteen men sought deliverance during the day's battles?

Let it be distinctly understood that all dancing is not done in the "sea-girt-island"; almost every one of the special meetings several got so happy that they literally danced before the Lord for very joy. Captain F. E. Shear knows how to get a "revival." The P. O. enjoyed a bit, too.

The next, new barracks was well filled Sunday afternoon; at night, it was "gospel" yes, gospel is the word. The parties we removed, and densely, like sardines in a box, were the people packed in. It was a glorious spectacle. Attention was riveted, and glad and lasting good was accomplished.

Though weary, worn, and fatigued, the Commandant rushed round the city on Sunday afternoon to seek a desirable spot for Shuter. While doing so, the old soldier had gathered for council, and hurriedly to rush back for the remainder of the afternoon, and inspired and helped the soldiers by his earnest words.

When it was mooted that Mrs. Booth pay some day visit Winnipeg and the West Provinces, a shout of joy went up from hundreds of throats and hearts, and whenever

The Commandant

THE MU

BY MRS. ENGLON PHILLIPS.

Last week our report ended at Collingwood. Following this came Gibraltar. This is No. 1. Brigade of the Faversham Circle, and a lovely little spot it is.

The people just flock into the farm-houses kitchen, and a good time was spent.

Mother Richmond has a daughter of her own in the field, so understood exactly how to make me feel at home.

Sunday evening, and Sunday morning, at No. 5 Brigade. Great conviction had to have off, then to the centre, Faversham, for the night, and as is quite usual round this part we found a big crowd of Warm-hearted Farmer-folk

waiting for us.

We left a little drowsy at first, for the brother who brought us had driven pretty fast to get there in time. However, that all did their might, and God came down and gripped the people. Two young men who had been to No. 3 in the morning, and had walked over here, counted deliberately, and at 12 o'clock rendered to our King.

These Faversham soldiers in victory, and they got it with Lieutenant Robinson's old gentleman is

Eighty-one Years

and he was an "old" nearly still strong and well in body and mind, we felt, that it paid.

On Monday we were at

bridge of this wonderful

great revival going on; over short time, twelve of whom

Amend enrolled.

Back to Faversham for

time right through.

"Meeting" went well; even

Eugene McAndrew had a

great success.

Oh, how brightly the

people sang, and thinks the

prophecy converted. Can

she, too, sing the thing.

We packed up next morn-

ing and after.

Eight Hours

and dinner in a farm-house

we climbed out of the rig,

do not our journey was

we received such made

ready for work.

Three n

Blizzard," a "War Memo-

"Farewell and Comme-

Great crowds attended,

and the officers

their new stations with inc-

emy to fight for souls.

The Commandant's sa-

was peculiar indeed.

He

The train was drawn up in

"All aboard," had been a

door leader, with doffed cap.

The train moved off,

jumped on to the step,

the cap, and shouting "Go

did this. We shall give him

good welcome.

Now, we are looking

General.

Next Week's

Written by the

He will unfold gigantic

plans for the aspira-

public General's inaugu-

ral ministry, fifty

The Commandant
by Read

Travelling from Portage to Winnipeg, the car was made to ring with God's praises. These dear Western officers know how to sing, and pleased indeed were the passengers to listen to Zion's songs of praise. We trust that much good was accomplished in this way.

A huge, dense crowd of people had massed together on the Winnipeg, C. P. R. depot platform to welcome the Commandant. We shall never forget that open-air demonstration. It was a tremendous success. Oh, how earnestly the citizens listened to our leader's words of gratefulness for their kind welcome. Few fails to describe this open-air event.

The Winnipeg Press deserve praise for their long and detailed reports of the various meetings. It was really amazing to see the reports over on the Commandant's heels for information. Little rest did they give him. God speed the Press, and God save the reporters.

Adjutant Magee is as tall as ever. Would you know his present position? He now acts as Principal of the Brandon Training Garrison, and has just sent out his first batch

she can be spared, Commandant, and he along without delay. We shall give her a triumphant Western welcome, such as none will make her feel happy.

You, the sister-officers had it all to themselves on Wednesday, April 26th. Mr. Read led a crowd with the female field officers and Cadets, and it was a triumphant affair. The sisters, at least, said so. "In women to the front" again. Of course, the men are all right in their place, but women preachers are in vogue in this part of the Dominion.

The Commandant was pleased to find many strong, young, healthy people, who would make good officers; but he was sorry that they had been so long. "We will show you any good!" is the cry which comes from the hearts of thousands of men in this new country. Comrades, rest in peace.

Major and Mrs. Read led three fine battalions on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, called respectively:

The Commandant at Winnipeg.

The Prairie City Roared—The Press to the Front—
Departure—Batties—Open-Air Banquetting—Great Enthusiasm—Packed Solid—
Winnipeg Welcomes the Com-
mandant and Staff—All
Ablaze With Holy Fire.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

Great indeed was the joy among Salvationists of the Prairie City when they learned that our dear Leader and his devoted A. D. C., Brigadier Holland, would spend a week-end among them.

Reporters of all the city dailies were on the qui vive hurrying hither and thither, doing their best to get together any interesting notes and news of the coming engagements. The paper gave a lot of their valuable space interesting accounts of all the meetings; in fact, the Press of Winni-

peg show a very kindly feeling to the Army and its leaders.

Major Read went to Brandon on Friday night, April 31st, where a good meeting was conducted, and great enthusiasm prevailed.

At Portage la Prairie, where a mid-day meeting was held, Doctor Rutherford, the Mayor, and the Minister of Public Works spoke kindly words in favor of the Army.

The Commandant explained our relationship with the new building scheme; after which he met the珊瑚 for the same purpose, and then we boarded the cars for Winnipeg to spend the week-end.

The monster C. P. R. depot platform was filled with hundreds of human beings, one huge mass of humanity, to do honor and welcome the son of the founder of the Salvation Army.

A triumphant shout and bursts of applause rent the air as the Commandant stepped from the car and mounted a trophy, which was to serve as a pulpit.

He thanked the officers, soldiers, and friends for such a welcome.

A grand soldiers' meeting was held on Saturday night.

Saturday Night Soldiers' Meeting.

In his preliminary remarks, the Commandant said we must not squeeze him too hard, as he was very much fatigued after his trip to the Coast. He then congratulated us for standing by the dear old Army colors, for staying with the ship.

He was glad to see so many (about 200). He said he didn't come to preach to Winnipeg, as they had not heard Major Read's oratorical power.

He then praised us for our stickability, and downright rock-bottom fighting powers, that not only enabled us to get a

revival up—anyone could do that, and get a big lot of rejoicing converts—but to make out of the converts a fighting force, in real warfare, who would fight under hard circumstances, as well as in easy.

Then Captain McGill sang his song, and the Commandant put us through a musical drill, after which he asked Adjutant Magee to speak. He had no sooner got started than the Commandant called him down, as he was too enthusiastic and full of life, for the Commandant had intended him to sober the feeling of the meeting down, as he had been running us at a high pressure of speed and jubilation.

The officers were next called upon to give voluntary addresses, beginning with their name, where they came from, and what they came to the big go for.

"Lieutenant Field," said the Commandant, "will lead us off."

Cadet Hunt, from Nanaimo : McGill, from the farm ; Westcott, from Portage la Prairie ; Cadet Barber, of Victoria (going to the French work) ; Gibson, from Belfast, Ireland ; Dryer, Winnipeg Training Garrison ; Elliott, of Quebec ; Chisholm, of the United States field ; Merton, first born in Germany, now a convert at Victoria ; Green, Gooding, Lowry, Hawking, and so forth, all made it interesting.

"Conviction," he said, "is the first stepping stone, then must follow conversion, then sanctification."

1. CONVICTION.—The sinner must feel the dire results of sin. It is a deadly poison. Like arsenic it eats out the vitals of life. It is a loosing game to be a sinner. He must feel the need of light to lighten his darkness. Like groping about in a dark building the sinner knocks himself about; all is confusion and dismay. The sinner is in the dark. After fifty years of sin he cries, "God, I'm in the dark. I'm wasting my life."

2. CONVERSION.—Ye must be born again. A new purpose, a new desire. No more living for self. Converted people live to please others. Conversion turns a man right about face.

3. SACRIFICATION.—This is the last step. No consecration is known. Good thoughts fire the mind. Jesus Christ and all His great purposes engage the soul. To live in Christ. To die in gain. When in the dock no guilt is found.

The above is just an outline to give readers an idea of the Commandant's train of thoughts and words in this

Sunday Afternoon.

The citizens of Winnipeg, Manitoba, know very well how to appreciate the presence in their midst of a great and godly man.

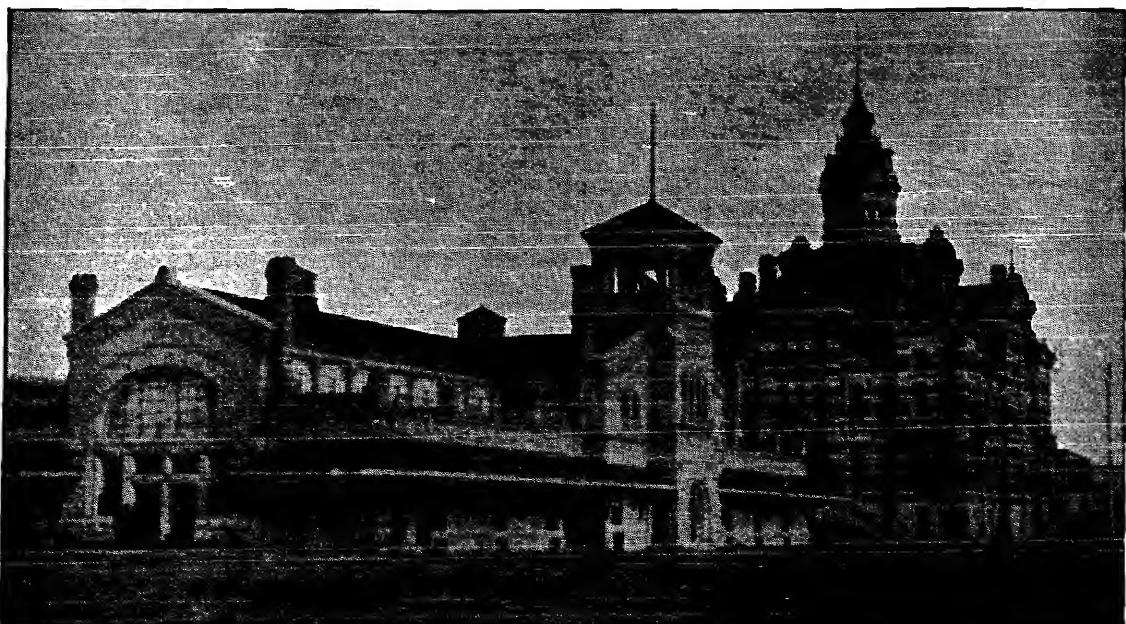
At the meetings on Sunday p.m. these crowds of soldiers (one hundred and twenty-six in number), marching to the sweet strains of our beautiful Winnipeg band, presented an impressive and inspiring appearance. The open-air meetings were held on the platform at the C. P. R. station. Crowds thronged every available foot of space for some distance back; windows were thrown open; balconies were occupied. When the Commandant stepped into the C. P. R. truck, everybody was ready for a proper blood-and-fire attack on the devil. The Commandant went at it like a man. He called on everybody to sing to those on the royal box up in the balcony to the man on the reserved seat on the lamp-post, all must have a go in. Testimonies came thick and fast. One said he was on the train for glory. "On the truck you mean," said the Commandant. All the Cadets from Brandon Training Garrison ; some military marchers ; then the long and the short of the Salvation Army ; now a song by Captain Read.

The people responded almost unanimously, and the Commandant said he would see Mr. McNicol of Mo would tell him that the citizens had voted that he should go over the track.

After some singing from the file, the Commandant said, "I wish you were one of us! We are family." The Army had a bout without regard to those principles which govern the universe ; got down to solid living principles ; those principles retained and developed had naturally become in their fruits and bearings on men.

Captain McGill soloed, then a testimonial followed. Captain Elliott, Captains Wilson, Smith and others in quick succession a beautiful solo by a very little girl, pausing herself with organ. Then audience cheered heartily.

Mrs. Major Read, being in slipped right into the people's ease. She felt very sorry leave, but was so glad that



WINNIPEG TOWN HALL AND MARKET.

Then Brigadier Holland sang a "new" song, "What would their neighbors say, and what would the people think?"

The new Provincial Secretary quoted his first remark, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." He said that was him.

Mrs. Read had desired for years to fight in the North-West. Has been an officer two years.

Brigadier Holland gave a good, stirring talk. Said he was here four years ago and was struck to see the great advance in Salvation Army.

F. K. S.

The Knee-Drill.

Major Read conducted the knee-drill. About one hundred and fifty gathered for this free breakfast.

The Wellness Meeting.

Headed by the fine brass band a long march was enjoyed previous to the holiness battle. At this meeting about six hundred had met together, and though extremely fatigued, the Commandant took hold with energy and life. Brigadier Holland, in his soul-stirring talk, advised all present who had not done so, to go to their own funeral. He urged upon all the great necessity of being cut-and-dried for God, and living holy.

Major Read read the fifteenth Psalm, and then the Commandant began by giving out that old, old song,

"Oh, for a heart to praise my God!"

Fervently did he describe the blessing of sanctification.

now the Commandant is waiting with the color-sabre ; Captain Lowry is introduced ; the royal artillery (train band) comes to the front.

The Commandant had once had the pleasure of conducting a great musical demonstration, where five thousand bandmen played and sang to the honor and glory of God. This amusing, interesting, pointed, practical, soul-saving meeting over, Major Read prayed, and everybody made for the barracks. Now for who will get a seat and who will not. The building was a very large one, but was literally packed. Volleys greeted the Commandant as, together with Major and Mrs. Read, they appeared on the platform.

The Commandant, in his own enthusiastic style, told everybody to waken up.

Major Read, our brand-new Provincial Secretary, was then introduced, and led off with a stirring song, accompanied by the band.

After prayer by Ensign Hills and Captain Lowry,

The Commandant addressed the meeting. He asked the people to bear with him a little on this particular occasion; he had just had a very difficult trip; he had travelled 3,600 miles in a few days; conducted a great many inside and outdoor meetings, and as a result was very fatigued, but would do his best. The Commandant spoke of the progress of the work all over the world. He said Commander Bellington Booth, of the United States, would probably visit Winnipeg before very long. In speaking of those who would be our enemies, he gave an incident of what the Rev. Dr. Cook had said recently. When called up to bless the Salvation Army, he said he felt very much like asking the Salvation Army to bless him. The Commandant remarked that while such men as Dr.

everybody. They had come to a well as lead, and hoped they would be source of cheer and encouragement.

The Commandant, speaking later, said that the world loved nice people, but detested proud and people.

The Commandant thought we needed government in slaying, in your leader. The platform will be advance guard, outside would be wing, the left wing, inside would be wing, the gallery would be a wing, Now sing, advance guard; left wing, rear guard.

"Very good! well done!" said mandate.

The meeting, from beginning time lost. Everybody, rich and poor, seemed to enjoy themselves greatly. Many hearts were uplifted by the light of heaven. I cheered and inspired and comforted all seemed to feel glad that God them a pure and guileless means.

Sunday Night.

A colonial march and open-air meeting. A halt was called

y Afternoon.

Winnipeg, Manitoba,
to appreciate the pa-
ciet of a great and per-

n Sunday p.m., the
(one hundred and twenty-
marching to the most
beautiful Winnipeg has
an impressive and impo-
The open-air meetings
at the C.P.R. station,
available foot of
distance back; windows
balconies were occupied;
everybody stepped into
the everybody was ready for
fire attack on the dead;
went at it like a mad
everybody to step in,
box up in the boxes,
reserved seats, or to
have a go in. That
fast. One said to
for glory. "On the
said the Commandant,
from Brandon. During
military maneuvers; the
short of the Salvation
by Captain McGill,

Cook and others sustained by their sym-
pathy and practical assistance our work, we
could afford to put up with a little mis-
understanding amongst people who were
not so well informed. Speaking of the
expense in connection with travelling, the
Commandant said that all he asked for was
that people should pay for his freight in
the same way as they paid for the shipping
of goods—right side up with care. He
travelled now at half-rates, but thought the
railway company should give the Commis-
sioner of the Salvation Army a free pass
over the road, in consideration of the work
that was being done. He asked those who
thought they should to nod their heads and
say "Amen."

The people responded almost unani-
mously, and the Commandant said when he
would see Mr. McNeil, of Montreal, he
would tell him that the citizens of Winni-
peg had voted that he should get a free
pass over the track.

"After some singing from the rank and
file, the Commandant said. 'Don't you
with you were one of us? We are a happy
family.' The Army had not been
built without regard to those laws and
principles which govern the universe. They
had got down to solid living principles, and
those principles retained and allowed to
develop, had naturally become very great
in their fruits and bearings on the lives of
men.

Captain McGill soloed, then a few lively
tunes followed. Captain and Mrs. Elliott,
Captains Wilson, Smith and West-
cott and others in quick succession. Now
a beautiful solo by a very little girl, accom-
panying herself with organ. The large
audience cheered heartily.

Mrs. Major Read, being introduced,
slipped right into the people's hearts at
once. She felt very sorry leaving New-
foundland, but was no glad that she loved

ner of Postage Avenue and Main Street; a
ring formed, and red-hot Gospel shots
poured. The arrival of the Commandant
and Brigadier Holland, was the signal for
volleys and hurrahs from the crowd. Testi-
monies were then called for, or rather,
our leader ran hither and thither through
the ranks, picking out one here, and
another there, of the soldiers, pushing them
in the ring to give their testimonies.

Then the saved circus man was hauled
into the ring, and he, too, told what a
wonderful Saviour he found in Jesus.

A change of tactics was then thought
necessary, and the large ring, of about
fifty feet in diameter, was condensed into
one of about fifteen feet, in a kind of solid
square.

"Right about, face," shouted the Com-
mandant.

"Now, fire into the crowd," next rang
out, and chorus after chorus of warning
was shouted into the ears of the mass of
people who lined the sidewalk. Forming
into line again, and marching back to the
barracks.

The large auditorium, as well as the
week-night hall, and gallery were literally
packed with humanity; even standing-
room being scarce.

The usual volleys and choruses greeted car
beloved leader, as he again took his stand
on the platform. His pale face spoke out
the extra effort it must have been for him.
That beautiful chorus:

"Throw out the life-line."

was sweetly sung by that vast concourse of
people. The Commandant continuing,
said:

"This is exactly what we have come to
do in this meeting, for we realized—

"First: That there were souls to save.
"Second: That it was worth a struggle
to save them.

for its advances and abominations. Arma-
ments were being made to commemorate
this, his fiftieth year, to float schemes that
would involve an expenditure of about
\$120,000 in new industries, social and field
operations, etc.

Major Read, our new Provincial Secre-
tary (who, I may say, has already jumped
down the throats of the people) then gave
a few words of his own experience, how
that there was a time in his life when there
were fightings within and fears without,
but now, thank God, he was a sinner saved
by the grace of God. He followed by an
earnest warning to the sinners to flee from
the wrath to come, and a passionate appeal
to them to get saved.

A collection was taken up, during
which the band played. Captain Gooding
was then called on for a solo.

Mrs. Read held the vast audience as she
spoke on the words of the motto of her
own life, "Seek first the King of God and
his righteousness, and all other things shall
be added." Her pleadings and warnings
will not soon be forgotten.

The Commandant, rising to read the
lesson, owing to the lateness of the hour,
instead of reading a long lesson, chose for
his text that beautiful invitation of Christ
Himself, "Come unto me all ye that are
weary and heavy laden, and I will give you
rest." Oh, how our leader's words burned
in our souls, and how the sinners, the in-
fidel, the affected, and every weary one
in the building must have felt.

In the prayer-meeting the decks were
cleared for order, and a hand-in-hand en-
gagement with the enemy took place. Our
tired leader still led on and stuck to his
post like a Trojan, urging the soldiers on
to greater faith, and pleading with the sin-
ners to yield themselves to God. "Make
way to the penitent form," and there num-
ber one was found kneeling, crying for

The Commandant's Visit to the Coast.

BY ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

It would be a very difficult task for one
to convey to the many readers of the War
Cry a description of the 3,000 miles trip by
rail on the Canadian Pacific Railway to
British Columbia.

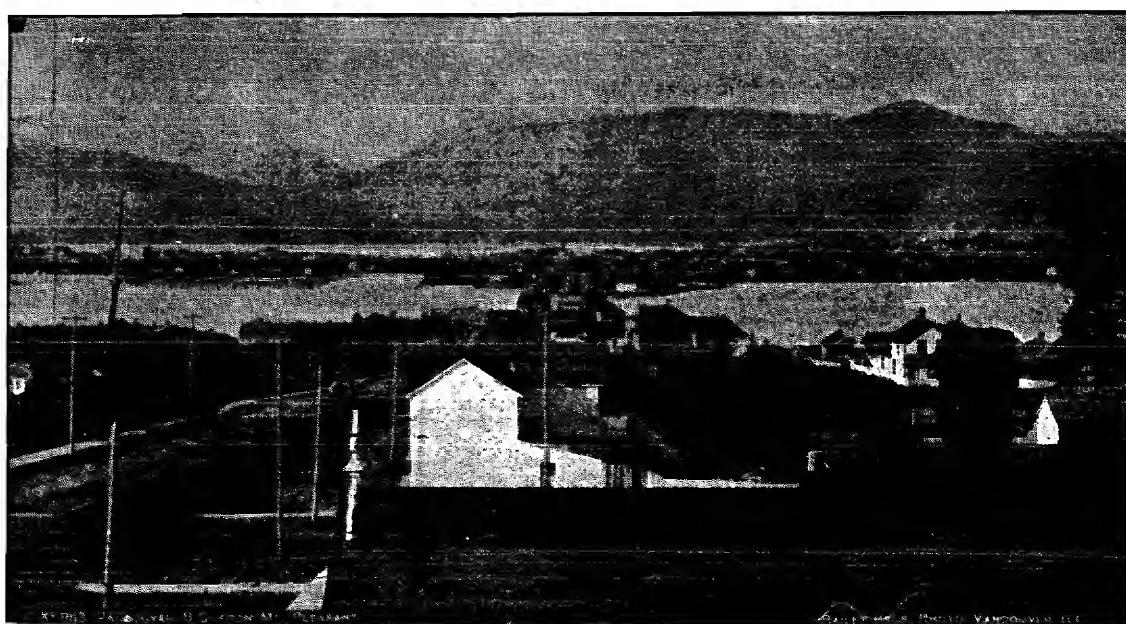
Much has been said of this great Cana-
dian highway opening up resource upon
resource in our Dominion, and bringing us
into touch with the Orient and Australian
colonies.

How wonderfully God has inspired the
human genius of invention by fitting this
earth with steel rails and steamships, and in
opening up the way for the Salvation
Army to carry the glad message of salvation
to all nations of the earth!

It was another great pleasure for Mrs.
Archibald and myself to accompany

Our Beloved Leader, the Commandant,
also his A. D. C., on this noted journey,
who, notwithstanding the great burden of
the Army government upon his shoulders,
filled our hearts full of inspiration for the
future work in British Columbia, and
cleared the way with prayer and song as
rolled up the miles of territory behind us.

Who can describe the grandeur of the
Rockies! What an inspiration for one's
soul to pass through these footprints of
Almighty God! Peak upon peak, summit
upon summit, gorge upon gorge, canyon
after canyon, valleys; wild, weird, awful,
grand were the sights so that one is led to
associate with the Queen of Sheba who
visited Solomon in his glory, "One-half
has not been told"; but we must pass on



VANCOUVER, B.C., FROM MOUNT PLEASANT.

everybody. They had come to serve as
well as lead, and hoped they would be a
source of cheer and encouragement.

The Commandant, speaking of charac-
ter, said that the world loved natural
purity, but detested proud and unnatural
people.

The Commandant thought we should have
good government in singing. Now follow
your leader. The platform will be the ad-
vance guard, outside of those pillars would
be the left wing, inside would be the right
wing, the gallery would be the rear guard.
Now sing, advance guard; left wing; right
wing; rear guard.

"Very good! well done!" said the Com-
mandant.

The meeting, from beginning to end, was
full of life and go and enthusiasm. No
time lost.

Everybody, rich and poor, high
and low, seemed to enjoy themselves im-
mensely. Many hearts were opened to
admit the light of heaven. Many were
charmed and uplifted and comforted, and all
seemed to feel glad that God had sent
them a pure and guiltless means of enjoy-
ment.

Sunday Night.

A colonial march and open-air preceded
this meeting. A halt was called at the cur-

metry. This was encouraging. Still, the
Commandant cheered and encouraged. Still
the officers cheered. Still the soldiers prayed.
Soon another was found at the Cross, then
another and another, until Seven Presidents
Sought knelt for salvation.

A real Newfoundland jollification fol-
lowed in which our new Provincial Officer
took a prominent part, showing how they
did it in Newfoundland. He sang also
about "Grunbling Street," and after the
Commandant gave some illustrations of the
strength and power there is in unity of
action. The benediction was pronounced
about 11 p.m.

from these scenes and give you a little idea
of the meeting.

After six days and six nights continuous
travel we

Arrived at Vancouver,

and proceeded immediately to board the
Comox. After five hours rolling and tos-
sing in the Gulf we arrived at Nansino
island the better for the rolling of the boat.

At the wharf we were met by the soldiers
of Nansino, and headed by the brass band,
after a short open-air which the Com-
mandant led, we proceeded to the barracks (by
the way this is the first Army building on
the Coast). It is a credit to the city.

The meeting started in with a lively
song, the crowd taking up the singing
heartily. The Commandant explained the
nature of his visit to the Coast: "I come,
said the Commandant, on matters of great
import to the Army's interest in business
matters; also the arranging of

My Father, General Booth's
visit to the Coast this fall, on his Jubilee
Tour.

I have with me your new District Offi-
cers, Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, whom
I have the pleasure of introducing to you."

The meeting was truly enjoyable, lively
and free, the Commandant closing with an

What a Treat

It will be! Next Week's WAR CRY.

THE COMMANDANT'S

Colossal Schemes for the

Celebration of Our

General's Jubilee!

J. E.

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH LEAD ON IN A MARVELLOUS JUBILEE ADVANCE

earnest appeal to the unconverted, followed by a Soldier's Council, in which the Commandant laid upon the hearts of all present the responsibilities of soul-saving and the necessity for a mighty revival in Nanaimo.

This, we believe, will surely come.

Next morning we took the train for Victoria, a distance of some seventy miles through a very

Mountainous and Rough Country.

Arriving at Victoria we were met by the officers, who took us to the quarters.

In spite of the heavy rain that evening the hall was crowded with a joyful, good-natured crowd. The Commandant was in his element. It was a typical Army meeting, so free from stiffness or conventionality.

The soldiers sang and clapped their hands in a way which made everyone feel at home; in fact, there was no sympathy lacking from the audience. All this added to the freedom of the speakers. The Commandant spoke on the matter of building a barracks at Victoria. All day he had been searching the city for suitable site to erect an Army barracks on.

After Brigadier Holland, Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald had spoken, the Commandant closed the meeting, leaving that evening, on the "Premier," for New Westminster.

On our arrival there we were greeted by the

Westminster Braves

and several of the soldiers of the Vancouver corps, who availed themselves of the privilege of being present at these meetings.

The open-air was one of the most beautiful meetings we have ever been in. The barracks was crowded, and God gave the Commandant a special degree of liberty. This meeting had to be brought to a close in order to allow us time to catch the last car for Vancouver, where we arrived full of faith for Sunday's battle.

Fifty-two soldiers rallied for knee-drill. We wound up this meeting with two seals in the fountain. In the holiness meeting there were four more. In the afternoon and evening meetings the crowds were tremendous, and at the close of the night meeting two others sought deliverance, making a happy finish to the Commandant's visit to the Coast.

SONGS.

Send the Showers.

C. S. M. CASEL, HALIFAX L.

TUNE—*Blow out Army.*

1 Oh, Thou God of every nation,
Send Thy showers upon us now,
And refresh our thirsty spirits
As before Thy throne we bow.

CHORUS.

Send the showers. (Repeat.)
Evenly Father, send them now.

We are Thine to do Thy bidding,
In Thy strength we go on;
We shall conquer thee through Jesus,
While Thy arm we lean upon.

We, by faith, draw down Thy blessings,
And by love our hearts overflow,
And go forth to rescue sinners
From their lives of sin and woe.

Fire our hearts with love and power,
Guide us with Thy truth Divine;
Keep us trusting and obeying,
Make our hearts and lives to shine.

Send the Fire.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN COLVILL.

TUNE—*Blow me now.*

2 We are soldiers in the Army,
And we fight for God and souls;
We have given ourselves to Jesus,
And our lives He now controls.

CHORUS.

Send the fire,
Send the fire,
Holy Spirit, send the fire.
Send the fire,
Send the fire,
Holy Spirit, send the fire.

What is needed in the Army,
Is a baptism of fire;
Then we'll go and rescue sinners,
Save them from the fifth and mire.

Army soldiers, God is willing,
If it's your heart's desire,
To go forward to the rescue,
Now to fill you with the fire.

Now, dear Lord, we come believing,
And accept Thy Spirit's power;
And by simple faith go forward,
Trusting in Thee every hour.



WAR CRY

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1884.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, May 2, 1884.

WELCOME, COMMANDANT.

The scene enacted at the Commandant's welcome home, at Parkdale, is a significant fact in the history of our leader here. It is of no small importance that all the men and women who are immediately associated with Canada's chief officer are so thoroughly one with him as the expressions of affection and loyalty given in that happy home-welcome indicate.

MRS. BOOTH AT OSHAWA.

The visit of Mrs. Booth to Oshawa became the opportunity for an almost unique expression of loyalty to the Army. Listening in the soldiers' assembly to the tremendous testimonies of God's saving grace through the Army's instrumentality done in that part of the country, the most prejudiced would be bound to admit that "There is the finger of God." And no persons, either officers or soldiers, in any part of the world, ever could express themselves more definitely and affectionately towards the Army than did the comrades there. Mrs. Booth was deeply touched with the intense sincerity and holy simplicity of the testimonies, and came away from Oshawa with a great inspiration and enlarged desire to seek the very highest welfare of the people amongst whom God has given her such a responsible position.

A TRIUMPH.

The Commandant's North-West trip has been a triumphant tour; God's blessing has been manifested in the pleading tones of the penitent, the Commandant's heart has been strengthened by the outspoken loyalty, and unrestrained enthusiasm of the troops while the general public interest taken in the Commandant's movements, and the progress and prospects of the Salvation Army, has been quite absorbing.

ALL-ROUND ADVANCE.

A sweeping glance across the whole Canadian and Newfoundland battlefield, reveals a most encouraging spectacle. The reports from each fort ring with the enthusiasm of victory. Major Morris, in Newfoundland, and Major Read, in Manitoba, have been royally received; then Brigadier Margotis has been treated ditto, goes without saying. Glancing right through from the constantly occupied penitent-forms throughout the field, to the administration chair at Headquarters, it is apparent that the pulsating whole has never been so much in rapport, and the prospects for advance never so fair and inspiring since the Commandant's entry in this field. The War Cry wishes the Commandant, and every individual taking part in this glorious fight, God-speed.

BRITAIN'S JUBILEE.

The British wing of the one Salvation Army has opened its Jubilee Campaign with some phenomenal victories. In the two days of salvation at Queen's Hall, London, thousands in vain sought admission, on account of the too congested hall, and the Army's ability to organize a big battle and victory for God, was fully exhibited, while the General viewed the triumphant spectacle of 517 seekers for pardon and purity. Concerning this scene, the latest English War Cry says:

"To say that the Two Days broke the record, is to convey an extremely bare idea of the magnificent spirit that characterized throughout each of the great meetings. Apart altogether from the special personal interest attaching to the occasion of the General's birthday, the remarkable conviction which held the crowds all but spell-bound, and resulted in such an unprecedented spiritual rousing, was the theme of general remark. So far as the Army's meetings in it are concerned, the Queen's Hall has emphatically set the seal of Divine blessing."

A PROPER BIRTHDAY.

The Queen's Hall scene is the way to keep a birthday. To stand victorious in Jehovah's power on such a battlefield, as did the General on his 65th birthday, is infinitely more noble than to have planned a wholesale carnage in worldly warfare, and leave behind a field of gaping, bloody wounds, and agonizing groans. Let the whole Army raise their pens of thanksgiving to God for

so glorious a spectacle and so noble a leader.

A \$5,000 dollars' start towards the remaining \$250,000 is significant of John Bull's intentions respecting the Jubilee Fund.

AND CANADA.

"And what is Canada going to do?" will be asked. For a complete answer to this question, we must refer our readers to next week's issue, but we may say that the Commandant has an altogether exceptional and unique Jubilee program that will place Canada first rank with anything in creation in this line. As the Commandant unfolded briefly at his Thursday night home-welcome a few of his marvellous plans for the Canadian Jubilee Advance, we were amazed and delighted. The Commandant has a new scheme for every year of the Jubilee, with the exception of the last, and there is a probability that the fiftieth will be forthcoming. Let us take an universal hand-clap, comrades, and with a ringing halloo run at the enemy.

SOMETHING NEW
UNDER THE SUN.

SE
NEW
CNY.

A TRI
TERR

Life is far too short
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Short
My
Measure.

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comes, and impression
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procrastination. As t
web tightened upon
known. What can I
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words are dispensed
short out, to bring th

Friday night, April 6

A Loving
Farewell.

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take the robes during
The spirit of the crowd
of thing with all the g
much more than to any
the same city in which
ab, there is much in the
in prayer. It is almost
proposes an address.
feels more like weeping
sinner with an invited
pulls out; the face of
begins to grow dim and
sweet home," the soldi
and turns through the
wishes.

Our first duty is to

Sunshine
After Rain.

his own tears, comes 't
Brigadier, and more ab
Sundry consultations, w
which the masculine re
effect, and sunshine is
the only woman of the

The Commandant dr

Bag and
Baggage.

standing on end, and
bag, trunk, parcels, he
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portia itself, as it is in
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preserved by the can c
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whole business. Quite
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riding to the general
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thin, didn't seem so m
case being absent on s
ends, as if to defy all
very brief description
arrangements of that k

Get everything well

About Wheeling.

Couldn't sleep; tho
thought of Canada, the
and any mortal thing;
merely; then they began
they skidded, after
speed increased they g
every length of metal
and squirmed, grossed
of the brake, coming in
that sent one's brain
abroad before it could b
ment. Seldom have I
in the start, what shall

North Bay. Brigad

Our Food Depo

Captain Abbie McLean.

In reply to the numberless friends and comrades who have sent messages of love and greeting to Captain McLean in his long, dark hours of weary suffering, we would like to say she still needs your prayers very much.

Those who have known her in health and strength, as in the photo, would be greatly distressed to see her now, as she lies, prostrate with pain and wasted with illness, at the Home of Rest.

But she wants us to write "Something good about Jesus."

She sends her dear love to her comrades and assures them that the same fervor which was her comfort and guide and cheer in health is beside her still to sustain and support her frail bark, tossed on the waves of pain.

The beautiful flowers brought to her side by Mrs. Booth and others, make little summer in the room, and the presence of Christ banishes all gloom.

To celebrate practically, for the glory of God and the welfare of Canada, the fiftieth year of the General's service for God and humanity — for program see next CRY.

SEE ADVANCE

spectacle and so on;
dollars' start towards
250,000 is significant &
intentional respecting it

D CANADA.

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For a complete answer, we must refer to
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lilee will place Canada first

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Commandant said

Thursday night hon-

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Jubilee Advance, w-

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bile, with the exceptio-

nal there is a probability

it will be forthcoming

an universal hand clap,

with a ringing halloo

and shout.

NEW THE SUN. NEW

A TRIUMPHANT SWOOP OF THE CANADIAN WING—SEE NEXT "CRY."



Life is far too short for anything like a detailed account of my doings and sayings, since last I bothered the readers of this periodical with any observations of mine. I intended honestly enough, when I left Toronto, to stir up what latent ability I might possess, and use it in describing the transactions, scenes, and impressions of my great pilgrimage, on that upon which I embarked. But, soon after boarding the car, I got entangled in a web of intricate matters, that all but compelled me to launch forth on the dangerous track of prevarication. As the days rolled by, the meshes of the web tightened upon me, and the miserable result is well known. What can I do now, but attempt the moster outcome, the positive skeleton of all I would have said? Please excuse, therefore, the style of what follows. The little words are dispensed with, in order a series of literary short cuts, to bring the reader to time.

Friday night, April 6th, 10:15 at the Union Station, Toronto, a host of smiling Salvationists have come down from a glorious halloo meeting, to see me off. It wasn't arranged, either. Quite spontaneous. Everybody making love and good wishes. At the front, is my dear wife, who comes to see the retiring master of us all, with a smile on her face. The spirit of the crowd is beautiful. God's boy has come to us with all the gold on earth. To be loved and blessed in the same city in which one has been crucified and buried; there is much in that! We communed each other to God in prayer. It is almost time to go. Brigadier de Berris comes to address. The Commandant attempts one. He fails more like weeping than talking. But as he reaches the sinner with an invitation to meet him in heaven, the train pulls out; the face of his loved one, foremost in the crowd, begins to grow dim with distance, the band plays "Home, sweet home," the soldiers sing a great shout, that comes after through the darkness. We feel unutterable things, and turn in.

Our first duty is to play the part of comforter. Mrs. Adjutant Archibald has stowed herself away in one of the bunks, in order to hide her tears from the general community. She is distressed, and the Commandant, who finds it necessary to swallow his own tears, comes to the rescue, assisted fully by the Brigadier, and never truly in this case, by the Adjutant himself. Ministry communication, administered in the clumsy manner, for which the amateur race in notorious, seem to have a good effect, and gradually at length restored to the features of the only woman of the party.

The Commandant draws aside the curtains of his bunk, intending to turn in. Lo, the picture! It is already occupied. **Dog and Baggage.** The medley in multifarious. The mixture mysterious. Dogs on bags, boxes under bags, papers standing on end, and lying huddled up; little bags, big bags, trunks, parcels, baskets in which knives and forks tangle for ascendancy with spoons and plates. A pickle jar clings itself, as if it mighty wrestle for room with a glass bottle full of preserves, and the tin of ox tongue is surely pressed by the can of Chicago beef. The whole of the disports appear to be threatened with imminent extinction, by an attempt on the part of a four-folded, white table-cloth, which, spread on top of the basket, threatens to bury the whole business. Outside the basket the mixture continued. Two typewriters threatened to smash the bottom out of the upper bunk, while the head of the banjo case looked as if, by yielding to the general scrabble, it had acquired the name "yesterday out of its inmate. The autosharp, being long and thin, didn't seem so much to mind, and the two concertina were being short and stubby, established themselves on their ends, as if to defy all creation. This is, of course, only a very brief description of an external survey. The internal arrangements of that load of baggage are quite indescribable.

Get everything well fixed and loaded according to department—Machinery, stenographic, medical, educational, About Wheelfind, and other, then bundled in for first night's whirling.

Known her in health and a photo, would be greatly her now, as she has, poor and wasted with illness, & us to write "Something

Abbie McKean.

A numberous friends and we sent messages of love Captain McKean in his a of weary suffering, w ay she still needs you.

known her in health and a photo, would be greatly her now, as she has, poor and wasted with illness, &

us to write "Something

to her companion, a that the same further fort and guide and cheer her still to spirits and back, toosd on the her own brought to her both and others, makes the room, and the pmishes all gloom.

orate practice
the glory of
the welfare
a, the fiftieth
the General
for God and
— for pro-
next CRY.

and eggs, and I have at once. My first impressions of life on a "tourist car" are not enthusiastic. Shaken myself together, sit up, get out, stand on end, take a bow in the fresh air and, like that, life isn't so bad after all. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald prove the most welcome adjuncts of the Canadian Department. The table is laid, clean, well-ordered, and the repast provided. We begin to feel at home. We make our own tea, cook our own eggs, open our own cases, provide our own utensils, eat our own staff, and save our own money. It is a good arrangement. Fortunately there are no halibut on board—not yet.

The tourist is attached to the west bound express; it joins Religion all the Way. On with a bang that threatens to finish all our crockery wholesale. In fact, the way some of these cars pound each other every time they meet for coupling, or uncoupling, would seem to indicate they don't care for each other's company one bit. Our journey begins in earnest. North Bay behind us, to the right rocks and trees stamp, to the left the snowy surface of great Lake Superior, still tight in the vice of king frost. We commence the day well, as we started, and closed each succeeding day, song and Bible and prayer—not out of need or sight either; no monologue religion out of us; every man on a train knew where abouts, who we were, our faith, where we served. Nothing like running off with a bold relies. The devil and his agents like saying nothing—trusts them bodily and firmly, they'll change. So did we. We had religion all the way. Edified each other, felt better, stronger, and more Christ-like for each other's fellowship.

Deviations over, Brigadier Holland looked at me; I looked at him; then we looked together in the huge case we call "Headquarters," and which in these days of economy and short-handiness we're compelled to lug about with. Started out boldly to tackle the affairs of the Dominion. Both type-writers going; papers spread all about the car; passengers astonished; a heap of work got through. Learning the type-writer on the C. P. R. is difficult. It is, in fact, positively praveling. After careful and studied examination of the boy-boy, you satisfy yourself at the whereabouts of the letters "P." You make a dab at it accordingly, while at the same moment the car gives a lurch. You then discover your "P" has come through as "L" or an apostrophe or half stop. At these key-boards we stand till our very eyes threatened to give out; nevertheless, we stand on. Letters were passed from the car to all parts of the Dominion, to England, France, Holland, India, the States, Australia, and other portions of the globe.

To describe the next few days would be as uninteresting as to have spent them. It was much the same thing, only more so. We were three days and nights in the wilderness. That's the country between North Bay and Winnipeg. The land of rocks, and lakes, and dead trees, weird, monotonous, the never-ending, everlasting tree stamp. Fire had done its work, and left little but ashes to delight the traveller. At Sudbury, we strained our sight to see the nickel mines. Not to be amazed at Sudbury. Suppose you're going to have a city here some day?" I said to one enterprising young man, who stood at the corner of a street with both hands in his pockets. But he didn't seem over struck with the idea. A few little place, nevertheless. Growing fast; flourishing mines. In one case, a mountain of nickel silver. We searched the town, knocked the breath out of one of the fatest saloon-keepers I ever saw, whom we puzzled to know what mischief we were up to. Took our bearings generally for future use. I shall know the best part of the town when the time comes to open Sudbury.

The express from Manitoba, running over the South Sta. Marie route, overtakes us. General music in station. An energetic government emigrant agent who makes his appearance and hustles around in fine style. Threw himself into the midst of fiddling Swedes and Germans, dispelling their mysticism as to their one, or their "changes." Called a wandering Jew from Poland, who goes mixed up to the trains, and pilots him safely to the "colonies." This man possesses the marvelous capacity of being able to answer half a dozen different people's questions all at once. "My! what could we do with more such fellows in the Salvation Army!" Sudbury, South Sta. Marie, North Bay, Rat Portage, and other smaller places. Why here is a whole district growing up. This part deserves our attention. It would be a good Prairie Province on a small scale. Wanted, some officers to tackle it, and a leader who can be trusted to go ahead without going to ruin. Where shall I send? Great opportunities, they say, out here. Take Rat Portage, the centre of a new and growing community. Rainey River District, highly spoken of by all who know it. Lake of the Woods, deep blue, calm, navigable waters surrounded by richly timbered land, growing out of fertile soil. Settlers pouring in. Round the lake quite a little colony. No Salvation Army. Wanted, two men and a boat; someone willing to do the apostolic, and fight for God and souls under exactly similar circumstances to those that surround the lumber men, who fight for a living. The whole community could be set abique, souls crying for mercy, outputs of all; all worked from Rat Portage as centre. What a chance! All waiting for officers, while hundreds of our young people hesitate. Oh, God! what shall their answer be?

Winnipeg at last. A great city; all the growth of only ten years. First passing through, and get a crowd of royal soldiers at the door to grip our hands and feed a victory. Get off. Fell into the arms of Messrs. Rawlin and Shee. Headed up to the Provincial Headquarters for breakfast. Seized midway by a reporter; selected by the passage. "All right, one at once," said I. Answered all the questions possible to put in a few minutes, and did my best to satisfy the second man, who stuck on like a death-rattle. Finally relieved by Brigadier Holland, who put the planet newspaper man to flight down stairs. Then breakfast; bacon needed; names despatched; instructions given to Jas. Johnson, the next great sensation, went out foraging for supplies, and after short prayer meeting in depot got under way again, and began the race across the prairie.

At Brandon, great crowd greeted us. "This isn't my visit," I protested. "My go is on the way back." "Yes," replied Adjutant Major, "but we wanted to give you a 'God speed.'" Half a dozen of the best-looking Cadets I ever saw now anywhere were on the platform. "Any one want to send a message to the Count?" the Commandant. "Yes," replied a voice, "I." "Who are you?" "Saved and happy," said a smiling face. "Oh," replied the Commandant, "will remember you without being reminded." Then the train rolled out.

Manitoba! Immense, but very flat. Rich, but very uninteresting. I've crossed it four times. Three of them under different circumstances. Once in summer—a sea of land! Once in winter—the Arctic Ocean! Once in spring—a sea of water! Every time, behold! it was very flat! Most fertile plains in the world. Soil as black as ink. Years of nutrient. Easy, cheap farming. Finest, best colored, best priced wheat in the market. Every facility for farming to make money. All I admit; but still, behold, it is very flat! Life after all is hardly so interesting on a huge prairie pan, bottom side up. Of course, much depends where you live in flat. Life builds for itself, but life is built by better spent in Manitoba; but life is not a rash for the born man, and there are other considerations than those of the threshing machine and steam plough. A hill, a dale, a forest, a landscape, a rolling terrace, and verdant valley, are worth a little after all. Nevertheless, this country of the land-ocean a bound to thrive. It is too rich to be rejected.

Manitoba, Assinibina, Alberta. On we go. We leave bound on prairie as big as whole nations of the Old World. All through the day—on like a forging comet, the locomotive belching her fiery trail through the night. On past after pass, station after station, bridge after bridge, took after tick, tick, tick, tick after settlement, mile after mile, increasing, increasing, advancing. A thousand miles covered. A thousand miles to come. Two thousand passed, and yet another ahead! Manitoba is this world should be as roomy, and yet within it so great a crush. God has given His race a legacy of land immeasurable to live on, while it builds for itself, garret and claims to stifle in.

It grows wearisome. Business becomes more and more difficult. God's brain seems to have taken on wheels without a steering gear. We grew limp and flabby. We look around for life. Oh, for a wolf, a bear, a buffalo, a leopard, a tiger, a lion, an elephant; any mortal thing that moves on legs, can roar, show its teeth. But there is nothing but the eternal gopher, the little mixtures of a rat, a squirrel, and a weasel, comes forth at every turn to gnaw at . . . The gopher is the pest of the North-West farms; it is the chevalier, provoking, little creature going. By-and-by, we reach the ranching. Herds of horses, and cows, and sheep, show up. Then Calvary, and in the distance, at last, the heavy heads of the Reckon.

Can't attempt any description of the mountains. One of those things too grand and too stupendous to spell by tinkering. Time to think and pray on earth. To the description of God. Almighty's footfall along this earth. I will do my best at it in our future occasions; meanwhile, let us suffice as they were made. My sensations in crossing them were, notwithstanding, anything but pleasant. The track one never heard of, especially in winter. Heard just as we entered "The Gap," in Rainy River, and got detailed the night before; general snags-up. The ground wasn't over-convincing. All sorts of things happen: landslips, snow-slides, and avalanches. In some places the masses seem to open their jaws for swallowing you; in others, massive rocks, weighing thousands of tons, seem to say, "Pass on quickly or I'll bury you." I always get snatched half a dozen times in imagination when crossing these mountains at night.

Up the grade, we go slower and slower, till the engine can hardly hold against the backward tug of the cars. At night, in a darkened condition, we can hardly tell whether we are going up or down, back or front; sometimes it feels backwards. Now the engine seems to have lost its grip of the rails, and we appear to be going astern. We get ready to be hauled at the rate of a hundred miles an hour down the incline! No, we are still climbing. We reach the summit, and now—down! Slow at first—a feeling of safety! faster—a feeling of uncertainty! faster—a feeling of insecurity; faster—a feeling of dread; faster—a sense of doom; faster—a contraction of every nerve for the smash! faster—a commitment of one's spirit to God; and then—it is over, and we're running on, alive after all.

The roar of the engine predicates an unearthly sound. The mountains seem full of locomotives, all following each other, at each other. It is a gorge, and wrestle for deliverance from the approaching nightmares by a desperate effort for the oblivion of sleep. The cars move suddenly to incline at an angle of forty-five to the starboard, after which they wheel round a curve as if to do a "Right about turn;" then they strike off at a tangent, apparently in the opposite direction to that we were just now going. With a horrid lurch we dash into a tunnel, on the other side of which the train runs like thunder over a bridge, suggestive of a quarter of a mile of space beneath. I begin to freeze. Presently we slow up. The brakes go down full power. The smoke of the friction eats into our nostrils. Somebody outside screams something suggestive of rain. I find myself wondering which window is the most convenient for the fatal leap, when the brakes are off, and we creep steadily over a treacherous bridge under repair. The viaduct squeaks as we touch it. Then along the mountain side; higher and higher; ponderous rocks rear their mighty heads above us; below, the rushing torrent tears at the mountain's base. Between us and the river a precipice. We appear to be running on the edge of a very rain. Stones and dirt fly from under the wheels as we pass; we hear them go down like a death-rattle. We pause; we proceed; we go up with a jerk, and down with a bang; then there is a cessation as if the very ground was settling under us; a cataract rushes down above our heads. Surely the track is being washed away! More cautiously still we creep, while the panting of the engine roars up the monster gully like the snorting of a volcano. We tip sideways—more sideways—mostly sideways. One is afraid to lean against the car for safety, lest one's weight should tip it over. We seem to be running on one wheel. Nothing on earth, one would think, could prevent our sliding over into the gulf beneath. But now we are right again, and nothing can touch us, and we come forth into a larger place.

Sheer and rugged, and we come to a standstill. One is afraid to lean against the car for safety, lest one's weight should tip it over. We seem to be running on one wheel. Nothing on earth, one would think, could prevent our sliding over into the gulf beneath. But now we are right again, and nothing can touch us, and we come forth into a larger place. The Commandant, great crowd greeted us. "This isn't my visit," I protested. "My go is on the way back." "Yes," replied Adjutant Major, "but we wanted to give you a 'God speed.'" Half a dozen of the best-looking Cadets I ever saw now anywhere were on the platform. "Any one want to send a message to the Count?" the Commandant. "Yes," replied a voice, "I." "Who are you?" "Saved and happy," said a smiling face. "Oh," replied the Commandant, "will remember you without being reminded." Then the train rolled out.

The Commandant hoped to give some impression of his visit, etc., in a later edition of these notes.)



A week old Indian soldier.

ISAT in my favorite chair at Headquarters one morning.

"Would you like a run to Madras, Lieutenant?" said Major Jaya Ween.

I thought of Randy Garrison one minute than of South India, Trichinopoly, one of the hottest places in India, come fully.

Committing ourselves to His care, Who is the God of every nation, Who rules on land and sea, the Major stretched himself behind a door, while I perched myself upon a locker and went to sleep.

I woke up about two in the morning, the ship was rolling heavily. I hopped off my perch and went off to see how the Major fared. He had been rolled round, but was fast asleep, so picking my way carefully along the deck and stepping creaking, I got

Madras; Colonel Lucy, with four whole days at sea. Would I like to go? Rather:

"Well, we'll go by steamer, and come back by Aran."

INDIA,

Seen and Described by a Canadian,

DEVA SINGHA (Hunter).

less, then prostrated himself. This he repeated several times, according to Mahomedan custom. All devout followers of the prophet pray seven times every day, except being the praying time-sunset and almost immediate darkness, there is no twilight in tropical countries, the coolies commenced wrapping themselves up in their clothes, preparatory to sleep, huddled together, men women and children.

Poor, Ignorant Creatures,

yet they are included in Christ's salvation: He died for them, and who knows but He looked down on them that night with more pity and love than on us, who were His fully.

Committing ourselves to His care, Who is the God of every nation, Who rules on land and sea, the Major stretched himself behind a door, while I perched myself upon a locker and went to sleep.

I woke up about two in the morning, the ship was rolling heavily. I hopped off my perch and went off to see how the Major fared. He had been rolled round, but was fast asleep, so picking my way carefully along the deck and stepping creaking, I got

Major explained full salvation, and told him to search the Bible. He is only one of the thousands in India who are groping in the dark seeking God and His salvation with so few to tell them of His power to save and keep, or better still, come and show them Christ's life lived over again.

The country is flat and sandy, with occasional

Patches of Green Grass.

Were it not for the extreme heat, one could almost imagine we were in the prairies of Manitoba bound for British Columbia, but the sight of a large village with parish houses outside the gate. Do you remember Christ went to the people outside the gates? They are outside the gates yet, and Christ's people in the Salvation Army are getting at them. Their huts resemble miniature haystacks, without windows, and only one wee door. An octagon people, yet God's love and mercy extends to them. There are brighter times in store for them. The stations are crowded, people pushing and jostling one another.

What a mixture of nationalities and castes. High caste Brahmins run up and down with their water buckets dousing out water to the thirsty passenger who carry their own jugs, as the Brahmins would lose caste and become unclean if he touched their drinking dishes. They have a cord wound round their body, while others have three lines, two red and two white; another caste have three white marks; some had

One Little White Spot.

Like the little girls in the pictures—those are parish children, the very lowest caste in India, with the exception of that little one in the left hand corner with so much jewelry; she is a little higher up than her other little friends. Tamils carry their wealth in their strings of pretty pearls round their necks, nose rings, earings, two rings, bracelets on their arms, and jewels in the hair, according to their wealth.

At one of the stations I looked out the window we drove in. I noticed some army baggage on platform, then I saw tall ladies in blue "sarees." Look, Major, do you know these two officers? The two officers came over as I spoke.

"Ah, how do you do, Colonel?"

"How are you, Major? I felt something like the little boy who, on being presented to

Queen Victoria,

said, 'Is that the Queen?'

"Yes."

"Well, why didn't she dress like the Queen? The Salvation Empress of India is dressed like her subjects?"

On the roads, big, clumsy, lumbering,

bullock wagons could be seen travelling

along, sometimes loaded with people going long distances, where the railway don't

crossing Madras, and its sights in the bazaar.



Alusathig
M. Aya

The storekeepers sit cross-legged in little stores, open-fronted above, below, and around. Arabs showing their valored cloths; copper boxes, ironing away at their round com-

Native Jewels

showing gold and silver rings. North-West; precious stones from Burma and Ceylon; hornbooks, who make everyiful boxes, or being opened out, out they come, box after box, last one is only half an inch of every color: tiger claws, plant tasks. Truly, an English wonderland.

Near one of the bazaars

Tall Hindoo Temples

hid amongst the trees, others with large tanks in front for washing purposes. It was late at night when we steamed slowly into Madras station, where we had a good welcome, and got passed into a "party." Of we went to Headquarters through the dark, badly lit streets, crowded with white clothed Mohrs, Mussalmen, Brahmins, Parabas, and Barasians, all hurrying to and fro in the gloomy darkness.

Once we nearly ran into a bullock cart, up some very narrow streets into one long, broad one, then we stopped in front of

A Prison-Like Building.

"This will be yours for the present; we are crowded just now."

"Here you are, Captain; someone to keep you company."

"How are you?"

"Oh, not too bad."

"Been in the sun a little bit?"

"Yes, I have had a slight touch."

After supper, I started to question my room-mate how long he'd been in India, how he liked it.

"And where do you come from, Captain?"

He guessed from somewhere about Toronto.

We laid our mats alongside of each other, and talked of Canada—fair, beautiful Canada, till I fell asleep to dream I was back in dear old Victoria, or somewhere else in the fair land of the Maple Leaf, to wake up in the morning, and find myself in a land where maple leaves, fine, bald-wax, and snow are unknown, and a touch of frost would be most welcome.

Next two days, while Major was doing business with Colonel Lucy, I was busy

seeing Madras, and its sights in the bazaar.

Walking is almost impossible.

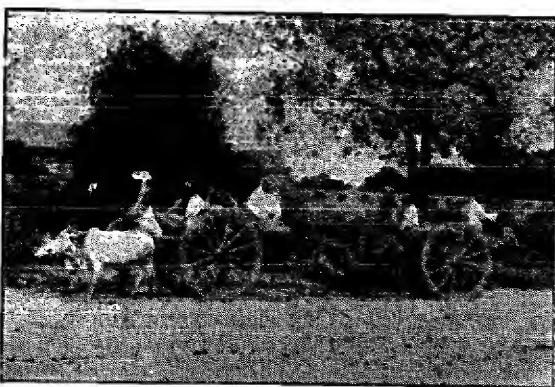
It is pleasant and

one another, you are in

violent contact with his m-

over the rough streets.

We return to Colombo by



Colombo is a very uncertain place to get to, so we had to wait until the "Gian McArthur," arrived, but on the sailing day, when we boarded her, the chief officer told us that we would be late in arriving.

In Madras.

So there was no alternative but cross to Tuticorin, then by rail to Madras. We just caught the "Vita" as she slipped her moorings, hauled ourselves and bags on deck just in time.

In the East, poor people travelling by sea, have neither cabins nor saloons to sleep in, but lie down on deck, or anywhere else they can get. Being Salvationists, and of course, poor, we travelled deck also, with plenty company—Tamil coolies from the tea estates going home to South India, poor, thin, scraggy creatures, with even thinner children, quite serious little things, never laughing, seldom smiling.

Ah! life is a serious business with some children. One big Afghan, with reddish brown whiskers, dull black eyes, thin hollow cheeks and pale face; he looked like

A Giant from Another World

as he stood upon the hatch, surrounded by the little Tamils, his mat spread out, with his eyes toward the setting sun, praying to God, in the name of Allah, their prophet, bending low, till his head touched the ground, then rising up to his knees, his hands moving all the time, then straightening himself up, he stood a few seconds motion-

ingled us again and went to sleep, thanking God He had made me not as other men—but a sinner.

At daylight just a faint strip on the horizon, which grew more distinct: the top of a smoke-stack; trees;

We Slowed Down, Stopped.

"Let go the anchor," rang out from the bridge.

"Acha salah" (all right, sir).

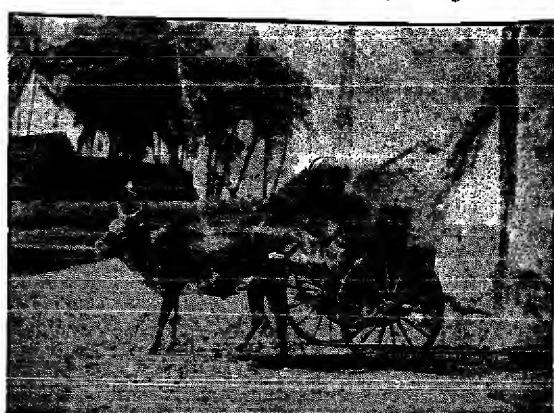
Splash. Out went the chain, jumping, wringing, and quivering like some great snake.

We were within five miles of India. Three small boats came along side to take us ashore. What a rush down the ladder and over the side. Into the hold they packed them, men, women and little children. We had to kick the last boat, having no desire to be squeezed up in such uncomfortable company.

After rest and breakfast at a friend's house, we made for the railway station to do thirty hours on the worst railway in the world, hot, stuffy little carriages, very much like horse boxes.

Our Old Afghan

of the previous night made room for us in his carriage. Just on starting a young Hindu asked permission to ride with us. Wanted to know something more about Jesus, recently saved, but he wanted a complete salvation; could Jesus save him from sinning? *Sometimes* had cruelly told him no, but he felt that God could do a great deal more for him than He had done.



What a T

Next

The Commando
Celebration



The storekeepers sit cross-legged in their little stores, open-fronted; his goods above, below, and around about him. And showing their wonderfully embroidered cloths; coppersmiths hammering away at their round copper dishes.

Native Jewellers

showing gold and silver rings, made in the North-West; precious, beautiful stones from Burma and Ceylon. Wonderful boxmakers, who make even more wonderful boxes, on being opened, show another box, cut they come, box after box, till the last one is only half an inch square. Birds of every color: tiger claws for sale; elephant tusks. Truly, an Eastern bazaar is a wonderful place.

Near one of the bazaars is a large Hindu temple, with

Juggernaut

car attached, which is pulled out on festival days, accompanied by dancing girls, while the people prostrate themselves as it passes. Before the British Government ruled India, the Hindus would throw themselves in front of the wheels as it passed along, crushing them to death. They believed it was a short cut to heaven; but, happily, that is a thing of the past.

Walking is almost impossible in Madras, so "jutka" is the cheapest mode of conveyance. It is pleasant and nice for those who enjoy a rough ride. Sitting opposite one another, you are in danger of injuring your friend opposite by your head coming in violent contact with his nose, as you jolt over the rough streets.

We return to Colombo by steamer filled

with people bound for England—some rich, some poor; three fatherless little girls, going home to Scotland; a big, tall Scotch engineer, going home to die; a young Bengalee, bound for Oxford University; a stout Hindoo, who told us he admired Jesus Christ but he did not believe He was the Saviour of the world.

A lady with a weak heart, very fashionably dressed, with an old white-headed lady as deaf as a post.

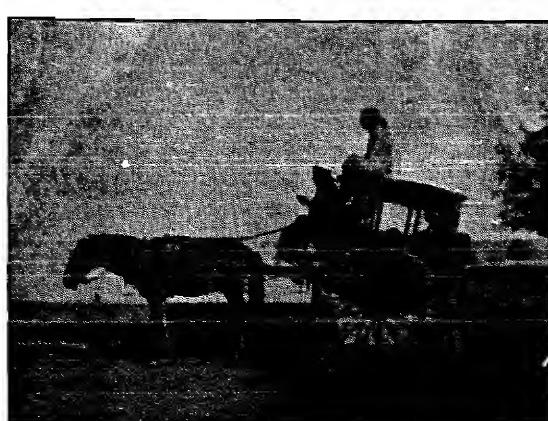
A rich young planter, twelve-and-a-half years in India. His doctor told him he must go home or die. He told me as we talked under the star light, looking over the rail, watching the lights of Madras (which reminded me of dear old Birkenhead Ayres) late in the dark, that he believed God would deal mercifully with him, as he had always prayed and read his Bible, but he had no knowledge of his sins forgiven.

I told him of a

Christ

Who was able to save him from sin, and give him a hope of heaven. If he recovers and is able to travel, he intends visiting Canada.

A Catholic priest, who was very nice after he knew we were ex-South Americans. If we did nothing else we left a good impression in the s. a. "Delware," and that is what Jesus expects every soldier in Canada to do—knows every one they meet that there is power in God to make them conquerors every day of their lives. They breathe a different air, walk and talk with the blessed Lord Himself who is able to keep us from falling and in the end present us spotless before His Father is heaven. God bless you all.



MITRAILLEUSE

In France, some 24,000 women are employed by the railway companies.

—II—

"Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality."—ROSENKRANZ.

—II—

Uno you know! Cadet Chongonono Mahangage, has been promoted to a Zulu-Land Lieutenant.

—II—

Many of the American railway companies will have none but abstainers as workmen on their lines.

—II—

There are 46,688 men, and 2,988 women and girls out of employment in Brooklyn. 19,873 are in dire need of assistance.

—II—

This is not patented.—A worthy man in Northumberland, has bethought him of placing a vehicle at a central spot for the use of aged people desirous of attending a place of worship.

—II—

Our Home Heathen.—A laboring man in a Croydon lodging-house, sold his wife to a fellow-lodger for four-pennyworth of beer, and received a receipt for his money.

—II—

Extensive preparations are being made for Jubilee Numbers of the *War Cry*, *All the World*, *Durbar England Gazette*, *De-Massey*, and *Young Soldier*.

—II—

"The Lord has come," smilingly exclaimed Auxiliary J. K. Washburn, and he then fell dead at the feet of the lady to whom he was in course of declaring the whole counsel of God.

—II—

Staff-Captain Allen, editor of the *De-Massey*, goes on a six months' furlough, in consequence of the continued unsatisfactory condition of his health. She will, however, be able to at least "take notes" for future utilization. The Lord be with her!

—II—

"Unless the total abstinence association devote themselves solely to the drunkard, we should . . . support no institution or person who is connected with total abstinence." This is a gift of a resolution, passed unanimously by a committee of Cap Colony "wine factors." Whatever will become of our South African forces now?

—II—

On the conclusion of his term of imprisonment, the authorities of Potchefstroom Jail, have put an ex-convict into a position of trust. Why? Because he got saved a considerable time ago through the Salvation Army meetings in the jail, and he has ever since been a good soldier, although but recently a broad-armed one.

—II—

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbor in his body. Therefore, we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is, eminently, all that liquor fire, commonly called dementia, or spiritual Lewdness."—JOHN WESLEY.

—II—

A man in Maryland made an appointment to meet his wife, from whom he was separated. He had made up his mind to get her into a lonely spot and then shoot her. But a Salvation Army open-air meeting attracted him, and made him too late for his appointment, and the next time he had opportunity to see his wife the grace of God had reached his heart.

—II—

"I feel cold chills shivering all through me. Are you measuring me?" said a California infidel, who, out of curiosity, attended an Army meeting in a town he was visiting. "The shivers" reached his innocent parts, and, thank God! he got saved, and has since been the means of leading a number other sceptics to the Saviour.

—II—

"One secret of the success of the Salvation Army has been the definiteness of its religious teaching. It has respected its hearers too much to fritter away their time with scientific instruction or political propaganda. It has concentrated itself on the immediate task of winning souls, and even in its Social Work has never lost sight of this supreme object."—*British Weekly*.

—II—

Very few leading bondsmen had turned up, and those who were present voted it would be absurd to attempt to play. It looked as if the march would be "as slow

as a funeral," when the following brilliant idea struck Lieutenant Stephens (now Staff-Captain and editor of the *Australian Cry*) and was at once adopted. Why not have a funeral for a change? The Color-Sergeant was directed to reverse the standard, and the bandsmen marched with instruments under their arms except the drummer, who, with loosened parchment, tolled out a dolorful slow-step; the timbrels sounded not a jingle, and male soldiers all walked along in perfect silence, eyes cast on the ground and caps in hand. To say it caused a sensation in the crowded main street is nothing. People rushed out of the shops to see what was up with the Army. Some of them killed the General right off; others said it was the former Captain, who was known to have been on rest through illness, that was dead; but not feeling certain about it, they followed by hundreds to the barracks, and we enjoyed the meeting.

THE TRUE WISDOM.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN FRY.

PART II.

In fact the true child of God will experience that this will follow as a natural consequence. The first cry of the newborn soul will be, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" He will look around him with eyes of pity at the thousands who are going on in sin and rebellion against God, hastening to everlasting punishment, "where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever," "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

He will also see that Satan has blinded the minds of them who believe not, that, though they are hastening on to such a doom, they are perfectly unconcerned.

He will also know that life is but the probation, the time given to man to prepare for eternity, that when death strikes a sinner the declaration is fulfilled, "He that is unjust let him be unjust still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

He will be encouraged by the thought that "a measure of the Spirit is given to every man to profit himself," and that every person he speaks to is possessed of a conscience which bears witness to the truth.

In view of these facts he will see that the only aim worth living for is to secure the salvation of as great a number of the lost around as possible; that other things are only of any real value as they tend to the accomplishment of this object. He will see that true wisdom consists in turning many to righteousness.

Now, my comrade, is this the way you look at things? Has this experience ever been yours? Oh, if not, I beseech you to examine your state, and get to know whether you ever have been saved. If your salvation has never had the effect upon you that it had on the woman of Samaria, leading her to "leave her water-pot," and hasten back to the city with the message, "Come, see a Man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" you have great reason to doubt whether it is of the right quality or not. Oh, be not deceived! The devil is ever ready to persuade a soul that it has been converted when it has not. He deals in counterfeits. Give God no rest till you are building on the Rock that will stand the test of time, death and eternity.

But are you amongst the number who have once had this experience and lost it? Did you once have a vivid perception of the condition of sinners and their terrible danger, and has the impression passed from your mind? Have you become careless as to the souls of those about you? Have you lost your zeal for God? Has the devil drawn his hunting-sabre across your track and taken you off the road? If so, do as you would if you had lost some earthly article—retire your steps till you come to the spot where it fell, regain it, and then go forth in its possession to carry out all that it involves. "Yet a little while the light with you; walk while ye have the light, lest darkness cometh upon you." Perhaps in the past you have followed the light up to a point where to follow it farther would mean treading a path of suffering and sacrifice, and so you remained where you were; the light went on, and you were left in the dark. If you will only go back to that spot, resolved at all cost to follow the light, your path will again be illuminated, and you will yet have the joy of fulfilling the purposes of God for you, and prove that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and that they turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

What a Treat it will be!
Next Week's WAR CRY.
The Commandant's Colossal Schemes for the Celebration of our General's Jubilee.

In the "War Cry," Next Week, the Commandant Unfolds Canada's Jubilee Program

BRANDON ABLAZE.

A Northwest Rebellion War Horse.

THE TOWN BAND DO HONOR TO THE COMMANDANT.

The Citizens Unite in Giving the Commandant a Hearty Welcome.

It was with feelings of great joy that we hailed the announcement that our leader, Commandant Booth, accompanied by Brigadier Holland, should visit Brandon.

The officers, cadets, and soldiers of Brandon district, had pledged themselves to spend not less than ten minutes of each day praying for the Commandant, and for the success of his law-sowing tour.

God surely near to us in our management for the reception.

Captain Baileys seemed to have special help in getting out advertisements. A special advertisement in the shape of a small house with a fire in it, was carried about the streets. A large streamer was fixed across the Main street with, "A loyal welcome to Canada's Army leader," printed in large letters.

The citizens did their best to help us. The local papers announced the coming reception in glowing terms. The C. P. R. agents allowed us to erect a platform near the station. The town band gave their services free; a number of their members laying aside their business in order to do so.

Sergeant-Major Harle brought a war horse, one that had been ridden by an officer in the North-West rebellion, and placed him at the disposal of the Commandant.

The flags of the different corps of the districts formed an arbor on the platform. The Union Jack was hoisted above, and when the train steamed in everybody was ready to give our leader a proper cheer. Three cheers were given by the people. The city band played a selection. The Commandant took the platform and addressed the crowd of people who had assembled. He thanked them for their hearty expressions of welcome and sympathy, more especially so because they fully understood that he came in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the interests of the souls of the people.

Said the Commandant,

"If I, as the General's son, receive such a whole-hearted reception, how much greater and grander will be the welcome given to the founder of this great organization."

The people were delighted. The band played. The crowd cheered. The Commandant mounted his war horse, his secretary triumphantly climbed on to his charger, and, led on by the town band, we marched up to the barracks.

The Commandant seemed to be quite at home on his war horse, and presented a very military appearance.

After prayer, a few roasting volleys were given; first for the General, then for the Commandant, and then for the town band. The Commandant personally expressed his appreciation of the services of the band and said that he hoped it would be repeated.

The meeting was of a very interesting and instructive character. The Commandant, in his very attractive and effective style, made everybody feel that it was good to be there. Everybody was cheered and encouraged.

A number of cadets said good-bye to Training Garrison. Officers and cadets, who accompanied the Commandant, had a word for Jesus. A number of candidates were interviewed, and at a very late hour the click of the Commandant's typewriter could be still heard.

At 5 a.m. we were again on the move. Boarded the train at 7 a.m., when, with music and song, we made our way to Winnipeg, where a tremendous reception awaited the Commandant.

Visit of Commandant Booth.

THE CITIZENS AND SALVATION ARMY OF BRANDON EXTEND A HEARTY WELCOME TO THE COMMANDANT.

(Brandon Times.)

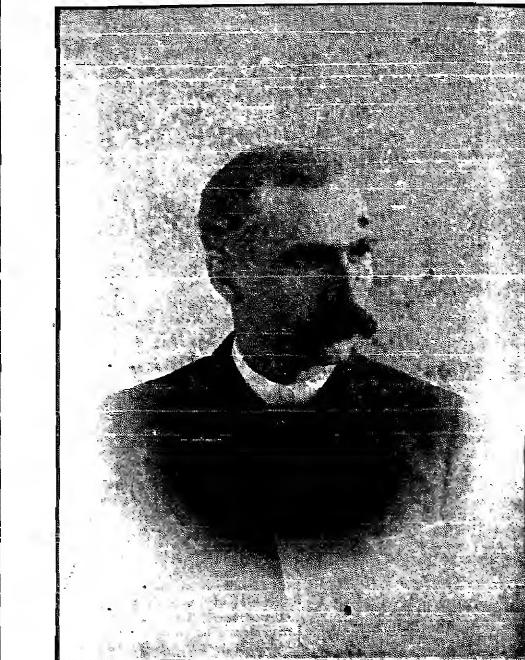
A large crowd gathered at the C. P. R. depot, Saturday morning, to welcome Commandant H. H. Booth. The reception throughout was most enthusiastic, and much pleasure was manifested at the news of so many friends and popular an offshoot of the Army.

On alighting from the train, the Commandant and his party were met with three hearty cheers, the city band, who had very kindly lent their services for the occasion, playing.

* See the concluding letter on page 1.

Commandant Booth was then conducted to a raised dais a few yards from the track where, after prayer had been offered, Adjutant Blagoe, on behalf of the citizens and Salvation Army of Brandon, presented the Commandant and his Staff with a brief and fitting address of welcome, which the former said and willingly responded. In the course of his remarks, he referred to his visit to this city a year ago, and also to his extensive travels throughout the world. He was very anxious to make his felicitous and anticipated conversion of Manitoba's Indians, and anticipated considerable improvements from the Southern States into this northern country at no very distant date. He traced the growth of the province might also reveal a marked increase and prosperity in the power and work of the Army.

In the evening a monster meeting was held in the Salvation Army hall under the leadership of Commandant Booth. The service was varied, sometimes earnest and sometimes amusing, now serious and again very comic, but always profitable. The Commandant, in a very earnest and



FRED. L. NEWMAN, Ex-Mayor of Portage la Prairie.

MORTON'S HARBOR.

"If You Have never seen savages saved in your life before, look at me." He stands one washed in the Blood of the dear Saviour." These are the words of one brother on a Sunday afternoon as he stood before a crowd of seemingly hardened people. As he spoke, tears of joy streamed down his face.

Although being somewhat secluded and deprived of privileges some enjoy, still I feel we have much to praise God for. He has wonderfully helped us in our hard toiling. I would like to write a little about glorious victories we have gained through trusting in our Great King.

Having orders to open school myself, and leaving the visitation for Lieutenant to do the most of it alone, and then having to walk a mile to the barracks for school and meeting, seemed to be more than we could do, but we just threw ourselves on God and took courage, and went in unitedly for victory. We have been able to rejoice over NIGERIAN SAVIORS, and on last Sunday night God spoke very loudly to the hearts of miners, and six DEAR BACKSLIDING BROTHERS came forward and sought again forgiveness. Five of them got clean-saved and are still going on. Our comrades are real Blood-and-Fire men; they do their very best to help souls in the furnace, and they don't forget to shout when they get them there. It is true the enemy has tried hard to defeat and overthrow us, but we still go on.

We are now having one number of soldiers increased, and also our scholars too. We have now thirty-five scholars, and there are more to come on this month; they were very sorry at first, but I took them all to God and He helped, and now they are improving fast. I love them all very much, and although it is a very trying work, still I find it a most blessed one. Truly, we can say that our God is true to His promises. He has lightened the heavy burdens, and in time of difficulty. He has been a never failing Friend, and at "Even time," we have been enabled to say, "It is light." —Captain BILL HOLME, Lieutenant MILDRED NOEL.

Again in Stock.

Owing to a great demand in certain publications, we had recently sold out some new lines in a very short time. We have now again the following publications in stock, which we can supply by return mail:

PETER CARTWRIGHT, the Backwood's Preacher. Cloth, 50 cts.

BILLY BRAY, the King's Son. Cloth, 40 cts.

PERFECT LOVE — By Rev. J. A. Wood. Cloth, 50 cts.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION — By Rev. W. J. Smith. Cloth, 50 cts.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, Being the Life of Samuel Hick. Cloth, 50 cts.

PURITY AND MATURITY — By Rev. J. A. Wood. Cloth, 75 cts.

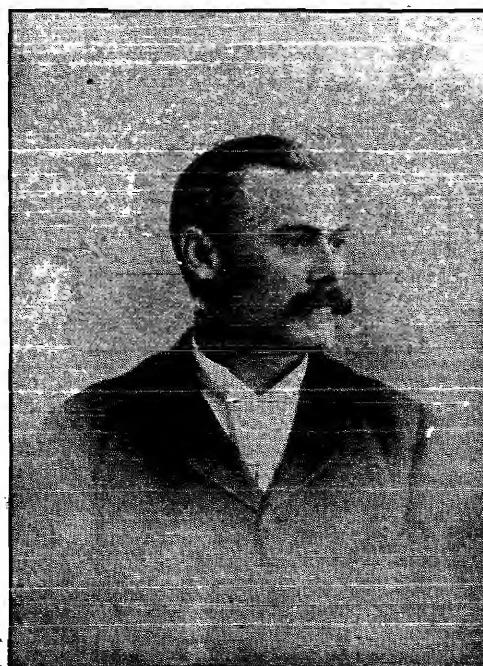
NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS — By Franklin Willard. Cloth, 90 cts.

TRY HEADQUARTERS!

READ THESE.

Ten Thou

ROBERT WATSON, Esq., Portage la Prairie, Minister Public Works.



Major Moreau

WONDERFUL IMPRESSIONS
FAITH HIGH—A BALM
NEWFOUNDLAND

Salvationists to adapt the masses or classes, before boarding the car rubber coat, pants turns behind his head, face to the front. He is perfectly sure of his loyalty to his country.

The bell rang, we strolled along the platform, as to close the session to leave St. J.

Brigade-Captain Goode on the same train, next station. He is superintendent of this new schooner at Pali rigging, painting, fitting, also selling were entered. I was able to understand this business, for when from home, and was a well understood over something of what we needed to fit.

He returned to the New York for this scheme, and see this brand-new schooner to receive her down to St. J.

Ten Thousand Hallelujahs for the Plans to be Unfolded in Next Week's "Cry!"



DR. RUTHERFORD, Portage la Prairie.

Major Morris' First Tour.

**WONDERFUL IMPRESSION FOR GOOD—
FAITH HIGH—A SALVATION FLEET—
NEWFOUNDLAND FOR JESUS.**

BAY ROBERTS.—On the 17th of April, I arranged to leave St. John's on my first tour, Adjutant Smeaton accompanied me down to the station. To the last moment, we talked over the prospects of the war in Newfoundland, and especially in the Southern District, where Adjutant has been appointed. He proceeds there full of faith. The few hours I spent around the Central Division and Provincial Mechanics have been beneficial to him. Constant has been his thirst for information, even to skimming a seal. It seems so easy for Salvationists to adapt themselves to reach the masses or classes. Viewing Adjutant before boarding the car, in long boots and rubber coat, pants turned up, and cap a trifle behind his head, face beaming full of hope, we felt sure of loyalty and love, and looked for victory for him.

The bell rang, we steamed away, leaving him to await the Wind.

Awaiting the Wind, changing, as to clear a course for the schooner, to leave St. John's harbor to take him to Grand Banks, his district headquarters. Brigade Captain Gandy, who was travelling on the same train, had demanded my attention. He is superintending the building of this new schooner at Pelly's Island. Plans for rigging, painting, fitting out, and provisioning, also salting were entered into and digested. I was able to understand even the details of this business, for when a youth I ran away from home, and was a little while at sea, as understood even something about the names of things we needed to fit her out.

He returns to the Northern District full of faith for this scheme, and to Pelly Island to see this brand-new schooner fitted up. Also to receive the crew, who are ordered up to sail her down to St. John's for the councils,

and for the Commandant to review and deliberate.

Our Everyman, Mr. Stephenson, was at Salmon Cove station, and after riding about three hours through

A Blinding Rain

and hail storm, sometimes fringing on a precipice, and sometimes running along some pond, or crossing a river, or like skirting some little cove or bay.

At last Brigadier was sighted. It quite surprised me; it's a nice little place. Both the others were sick and unable to do anything. They were cheerful and happy, although both of them suffering: the first being the soldiers led the meeting on Saturday night, and they had three seals. I spent nearly a most enjoyable and profitable time talking over the work of helping them.

We joined them there in the street; it was a most miserable night outside, raining hard.

Inside, before we sang through the first song, the barracks was comfortably full,

and for two hours they went in army style.

I enrolled two recruits. Go on, Captain Annie Keen and Lieutenant Ross Command;

the Lord can heal, and the collection extra good.

The Battle Belongs to God,

and victory's sure. Bay Roberts, our Everyman is on hand; we heard her, and have the privilege of enjoying another storm and nine mile drive. With a long breath and a firm grip, we strike off up hill and down dale, over snow banks and through mud. Here we strike a nice little piece they call Clark's Beach. It was pretty bleak, and it became really serious to me. A lousy driving some miles to with a wind and rain storm coming off the sea, and no shelter, elevated above the beach; she more than filled our souls.

My eyes were fainted to see some

Nice Little Farms

along the way, and a saw mill.

I am now posted in the officers' quarters, beautiful for salvation. As I look into Roberts Bay, I see about 100 schooners ready for the Labrador fishery, many of them to be manned by our brave Salvation Army soldiers, and who will be in a few months time, sending the waves of the broad Atlantic, in search of fish to earn their daily bread, for our little vessels skimming the waves, and riding upon their crests like so many white-winged sea gulls. On the outer edge of the Labrador, is anchored our little *Glow Tidings*—a real picture—standing out of the water, with her head erect, ready to

Shake Off Any Sea

which would have the audacity to come over her bulwarks. She seems to me like the ark of the covenant, carrying God's treasures in and out and amongst the fishermen who have been and little ones to earn their daily bread, who are compelled to brave the storm. She also awaits her crew.

There's a chance, my dear, precious comrades, to send something which will buy medicine, clothing, and help, or food, to fit her to receive the crew, who are ordered up to sail her down to St. John's for the councils,

her out. She probably will not cross to Labrador, but will work the home stations, and remain doing home work, carrying comfort to the wives. If you have confidence, your money will be used by me to bless

Send It Along

to 169 La Marchant Road, St. John's.

These human souls, those toilers in God's universe, need, and must have our care. Our souls seem all in a flame to comfort. It is not often I quote poetry, but if the Editor's shears do not cut it short, this is the feeling of Mrs. Morris and myself for Newfoundland's salvation. I do not know the author:

"Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give self,
Give love, give time, and give thyself;
Give all, give all, give all.
Who gives not, is not little.
The more we give, the more we live."

Send the Ringing CRY along

(NEXT WEEK)

VICTORIA, B. C.

Some GREAT CHANGES have taken place in our corps. Many old things have passed away. Captain Faeton led the meeting for the last time, and farewell for Nasimo. A large crowd turned out to say good-bye, as they also did the following night to give our new leaders a proper hallelujah welcome at their first meeting. The Adjutant gave us a song—

"The chief tailed the door."

God's Spirit of conviction is at work. Our soldiers' well-nigh are beautiful times of power; also the knee-drills and holiness meetings, where God meets with us. Already their influence is being felt in the public meetings.

At my Sunday we had large marches and parades, and an eveng meeting a well-filled church. Our knee-drill meetings are increasing, and our faith runs high that Victoria will be ahead of every other corps in the Dominion in knee-drill attendance as well as other things.

Lieutenant Norman was with us all day Sunday. At the holiness meeting in the morning THREE THOUSAND AND TWO HUNDRED came out for sanctification. Next week, special meetings.—ANNIE REILLY, Special Correspondent.

A SALVATION JUBILEE CHAIN OF 50 LINKS

(See Next CRY).

MORRISBURG.

LIEUTENANT BEACHELL, THE MUSICAL WORKER, is here helping us for a short time. Thursday night we had a children's jubilee, when sixteen children marched, took the platform, sang solos, recited Bible verses, etc. The meeting, which was led by Sergeant Mrs. Ford and Hattie Gillard, was very good, and the collection extra good.

Friday night, a sister, who was dismasted out of the Army ranks, and felt she was disloying God, came and yielded up her all to Him.

Saturday night one of our famous singing battles was held. Captain Brookeshire and violin; Lieutenant Beacheall, with his numerous musical instruments; Lieutenants Pifer and Stata, and Brother Moore, the saved Irishman, from Perth, were all there.

Grand meetings all day Sunday. At night ANOTHER SISTER fell at the Cross, where the burden of her heart rolled away. She was willing, she said, to be a Salvation Army soldier, or whatever God wanted her to be. All glory to the Lamb!—ERIC WHITAKER.

RIVERSIDE.

REVIVAL IN KNEE-DRILLS. Open-air good. Bands are coming up. We are becoming more and more loyal subjects to our Queen and Country, but more especially to the King of kings.

This past week-end, Major Compton, Staff-Captain Streeter and Adjutant Manton were with us for the holiness meeting, reinforced by Staff-Captain Bennett, Adjutant Miller, and Captain Florence, for the afternoon and night. Another reinforcement at night in the person of Mrs. Staff-Captain Streeter. The holiness meeting was good, short, spicy, and wound up with ONE SINNER seeking pardon and getting it. The open-air were full of interest.

Soldiers' meetings getting better. Junior meetings getting more interesting.—Captain ANDREWS.

ODESSA

is going up. We have just had presentation of colors, a commissioning of local officers, an encampment of soldiers, also a few good cases of the known.

We have just had a visit from Staff-Captain Sherry, and Lieutenant Morris and his banjo. His music and singing was very much appreciated. A crowded hall, good collections, and closed with ONE OF THE BIGGEST SINGERS of this place converted.—Captain CHURCHILL, Lieutenant MILSON.

'Twill make your heart throb—next week's CRY.

YARMOUTH.

ENSIGN BLACKBURN's recent week-end visit to Yarmouth, in the interest of the Social Work, was a success spiritually as well as financially. EIGHT SOULS sought the Saviour during the meeting. The crowd that listened to the relation of his prison experience were deeply interested and seemed to have their sympathies aroused.

On Thursday evening last, brother and sister Allen dedicated their child to God and His work.

In the absence of Ensign Gage and Captain Knight, the Soldiers are holding the fort this week.—AUXILIARY 91.

"Then was our mouth filled with laughter"—after reading next week's CRY.

FREDERICTON TRAINING GARRISON.

Another WINTER rolls by into eternity. I look back and thank God that its hours have been spent for His. With the work and lessons in the Home, writing, War Cry, preaching and meetings we have very little time to waste. Things which at first were done as drudges are now changed into pleasures. A lady told me, while visiting, that she would as soon tear the leaves from her Bible as for wrapping paper as to take the War Cry for that purpose. God bless the War Cry. I always loved to read it, but now I love to sell it as well, for I look upon it as a mighty weapon in our hands to wage war against the kingdom of darkness.—Cadet Welch.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

BRIGADIER SCOTT,
Corner Queen and Begot Sts.,
Kingston, Ont.



COMMANDANT EN ROUTE.

"HOW SHALL I CELEBRATE THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE?"

Jubilee Gist of the Crys

The last two issues, especially, of the *London War Cry*, ENGLAND, have been crowded full, with the all-absorbing subject of the JUBILEE YEAR of our grand old General. "JAPAN FOR JESUS" is the frontispiece (see Canadian YOUNG SOLDIER), and "JAPAN AND THE JUBILEE" insists that "now is the accepted time."

"Japan for Jesus!" is one of the most fascinating of the Jubilee battle-cry. And what an interesting mystery is that Eastern land to most of us! The *War Cryman* owns up that he has been living under a pleasant delusion, and that when the editor requested him to present our readers with a description of "The Land of the Rising Sun," all he could recall about it was a fan-and-flower medley, with queerly-costumed, almond-eyed figures as per the tea-chests and biscuit-boxes!"

"Y GOLOV: GYRADAU." Thus runs the heading to the weekly Welsh column. This may or it may not be about the General's Jubilee; we would rather not express an opinion. Perhaps the reader may tackle it? It says—

"Y man y Cardiflog wedd myned trwy
waith cauodd yr ddiweddwr, ac yn wir
rhedodd yw ei fed yr mae'n col o'r ym
barhau. Yn wylod a Holant yr ddiweddwr
am degi diwrnod; arwainodd bedwarvar
gain o gyfarwydd mawrion; caffodd dderby-
nied megis rhwng brenin brechfaid."

Spoof reading—isn't it?

Next follow five

Poetic Greetings to Our General,
by Major Harding, G. C., George Logan,
Julia Peacock, and Arthur Novak.
(Probably we will print extracts on another page.)

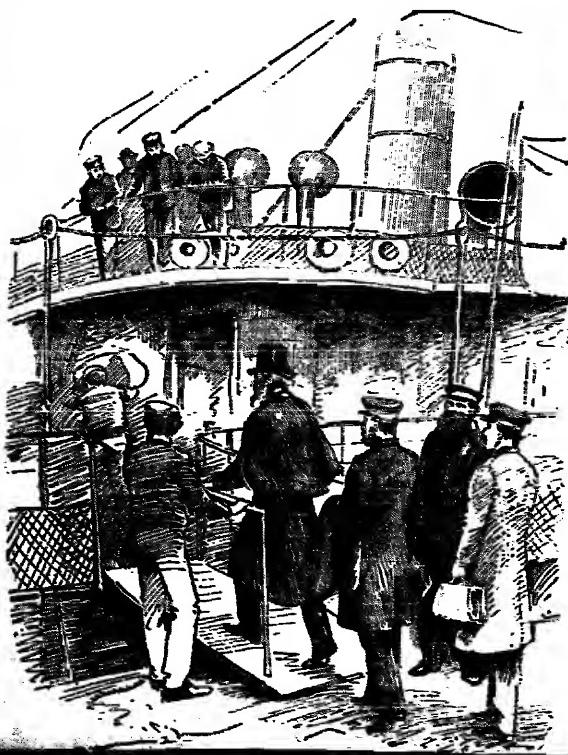
"HOLMES IN HASTINGS" advanced by an All-Night of Prayer, led by the Chief of Staff, tells how fifty-nine souls plunged into the cleansing stream.

On the top of this comes

"A Hot Jubilee,"

from the powerful pen of COMMISSIONER RAILTON. See page 2.

"THE TRANSPLANTING OF COLONEL BOON" quotes a saying, so true and true, of the Chief, that "The Salvation Army is distinguished by its wonderful faculty of adapting itself to new surroundings."



In a speech full of dry humor, Colonel Boon, talking of himself, remarked:

"When I first met the General, he asked me what I was good for. I replied if there was an ugly job that no one else could do, I would like to have a try at that. And, what do you think? The General mentioned the Trade."

And further on:

"I certainly am a better man for coming into the Salvation Army. I dabbled with politics, territorial, Local Boards, gas-works, etc., in the old days; but now I prefer being a small man in a big way to being a big man in a small way."

"TO-DAY'S NEWS," (which, by the way, is April 29th), includes:

GERMAN JUBILEE WISHLIST

Officers and soldiers in Germany are one with consumers everywhere in praising God for the General's past fifty years, and praying that he may grant us at least another twenty-five happy ones still.

The attack on Sarajevo has been opened by sale of publications, and most satisfactory arrangements for first meeting in Leipzig, where already many warm friends have been made.

Meetings yesterday, in a parish near the Russian frontier, where the parsons loudly denounced us as "false prophets." The whole church is aroused, and many deeply convicted. Some of the worst sympathies fully with us.

RAILTON. In the "WAZZ'S REVIEW."

The Jubilee Message

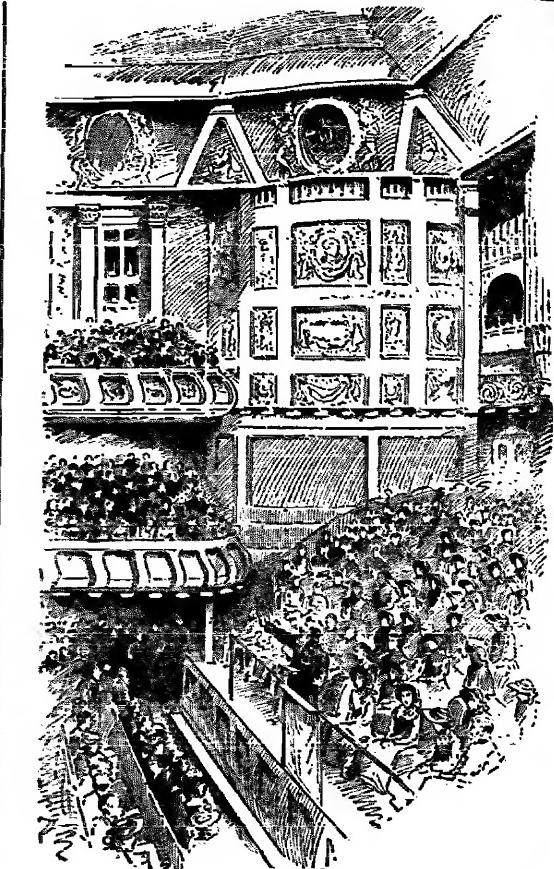
is to the following effect:

"The Army leaders have done more proved wise interpreters of their followers' desires. The Jubilee Message, described by Commissioner Howard on the opposite page, will bring the entire Army and its friends into direct communication with the General, thereby accomplishing a twofold purpose. The message will compose a lasting expression of sentiment, on the one hand, and should largely provide the means for securing the objects of the Jubilee, on the other. The plan is simple, effective and comprehensive. Not a moment should be lost in getting the necessary books into the hands of the corps."

Sixty-Five!

"WITH HER GREAT NATURAL POWERS UNARMED, AND A BOVANTY AND HOSPITALITY OF SPLEET WHICH HIS YOUTHFUL AND YOUNG FRIENDS OFFICER NIGHT WELL COVER, OUR DEAR GENERAL HAS, THIS WEEK, CELEBRATED UPON HIS SIXTY-FIVE YEAR."

"The full reason for profound gratitude to God can only be known when the spiritual history of the Army is written down by the first General of the Salvation Army. At best, we



can but see him now as through a glass darkly. Meantime the air resounds with 'Hallelujah' and 'Amen' over the event. Long life, health, strength and wisdom to the General!"

The page of compactly condensed corps reports is printed.

"ON THE EVE OF THE JUBILEE," telling, by wife, how MANY SOULS CLAIM VICTORY!

By some strange hap Toronto received two successive numbers from England this week, the latest, April 21st, 1894. This does happen occasionally. No doubt one mail was delayed whilst the second made good speed.

"HOW SHALL I CELEBRATE THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE?" is still the leading question.

In "A Chat with the Candidate-Fisher," we read:

"'If young men and women,' said Colonel Lawley, 'standing towards the big portrait, and then smoothly wheeling round and gazing at the crowd passing under the window, "want to be known in heaven and earth, tell them, Mr. Interviewer—say, hum it to them—that they ought to come into the SALVATION ARMY TO HAVE SOULS.' The softest death-bed is the Salvation Army officer's. To be able in the last hour to roll up the past and say, 'I lived on shillings instead of pounds; I preferred a cottage to a palace for my abode; the streets and the slums and the market-places for my pulpit; and the smile of my Saviour to the riches of the world,' will be a will worth leaving to husband, wife, friends, and the world!"

A little further on, the interviewer asks:

"Well, how do you propose to raise the Jubilee Ten Thousand?"

"Oh, by God's help, we shall do that!"

"How, how, Colonel?"

"Using the *War Cry*," he retorted, with a smile. "It's influence is incalculable. I remember writing an article two or three years ago, and in one day of the week in which it appeared, I had forty applications. Why, there's a girl, not a thousand miles from here, who dare not read anything from my paper because it reminds her of her duty. God has called her to the Work. The *War Cry* troubles the consciences of the soldiers, who know they ought to apply."

Again comes the query:

"What if."

"THE PARENTS REFUSE CONSENT?"

Did you

in the building had given indication of an intention to twelve men and women their knees, making either an, or entire deliverance there a charm.

The writer's course, to follow the movement very much sooner than by which newspaper watch contending armies' vastage. In this instant carried away by the spirit was found himself now merged actor, and a runner with

A WOULD-BE APOLOGIE
AND PART-DIRECT

At the last count, the tents reached sixty-seven.

Then still three more for the two days to be deducted out of 317.

We've forgotten all papers will make the most it will be the General's £27,000 already given total of £70,000 to come

THE JUBILEE

has been passed by the Ch

to a popular article at the



MR. JOHN

Next the General writes hearty and tender thanks congratulatory telegrams that have been received.

TO-DAY'S NEWS (this touches on the Jubilee is)

Commissioner Railton's General's birthday is the one of the most brilliant we have ever had in Germany, consisting more citizens, and containing guided and influential people attention for ever two

In another column on notes on its progress, the writer says:

I have seen folks trying burning under some odd. There is the Band bushel the hundred who ought to daring flames of fire, go all their days, and that they could not hear them trying bit. Then there's the bushel, the Big-Salary bushel, and that is an like, for many folks, under the ex-officer bushel they say, "could not get And thus they soothed the hide their candle from nearly caused for want of cut, come out, come out!"

In the General's day Europe we see him in Liner.

"The farewell of Com from the Trade Headquarter concludes his

lating, "I love the dear and am prepared to go where and to do whatever he w

(N. B.—The English of absorbing interest the world is crowded out

"Gist.")

EASTER W

If you did not a War Cry and Sun cause the Capital ask him to send Secretary for some supply all order mail as long as the last,

Did you know we had started a Co-operative Grocery Store?

in the building had given the slightest indication of an intention to leave, there were twelve men and women (mainly men) upon their knees, seeking either the forgiveness of sin, or entire deliverance from its power. This is a change.

The writer's chief business was, of course, to follow the movements of the engagement very much according to the privilege by which newspaper correspondents watch contending armies from some point of vantage. In this instance, however, he was carried away by the spirit of the hour, and soon found himself now dealing with a submerged voter, and a runaway fiver home, and then with

A WORLD-BE APOLOGY FOR A PANT-CLEAN AND FAST-DIRT NATURE.

At the last count, the number of pantents reached sixty-seven that night.

Then still three more brought the total for the two days to the gloriously unprecedented one of 517.

"We've forgotten all about what the newspaper will make the most of. With them it will be the General's birthday and the £27,000 already given towards the grand total of £70,000 to commemorate his Jubilee.

THE JUBILEE BADGE has been passed by the Chief of Staff. It will be a popular article at a popular price."



MR. JOHN CORY.

Next the General writes a letter, full of hearty and tender thanks for the cloud of congratulatory telegrams, letters, and messages that have been reaching him from all parts.

TO-DAY'S NEWS (this time April 16th) touches on the Jubilee in Germany:

Commissioner Railton's celebration of the General's birthday in the Tivoli at Leipzig was one of the most brilliant demonstrations we have ever had in Germany. A crowded audience, consisting mostly of the best citizens, and containing many very distinguished and influential people, listened with great attention for over two hours.

In another column on the Jubilee, with notes on its progress, plans and prospects, the writer says :

I have seen folks trying to keep the light burning under some odd bushels in my time. There is the Band bushel. Young men by the hundred who ought to be sanctified, devoting flames of fire, go and stop in a band all their days, and their lights get so low that you would not know there were any if you could not hear them trying to blow them up a bit. Then there's the Comfortable-House bushel, the Big-Salary bushel, the Courting bushel, and that is an extinguisher, if you like, for many folks. Some soldiers get under the ex-officer bushel. "If So-and-so," they say, "could not get on, how can I?" And then they soothe their consciences, and hide their candle from the souls who are easily dimmed for want of its light. Come out, come out, come out!

In the General's departure for North Europe we see him boarding a Wilson Liner.

"The farewell of Commissioner Carlton from the Trade Headquarters." The Commissioner concludes his speech by ejaculating, "I love the dear old General! I am prepared to go wherever he sends me, and to do whatever he wants me to do."

(N. B.—The English papers were so full of shooting interest that the rest of the world is crowded out of this week's "Globe.")

EASTER WAR CRY.

If you did not get the Easter War Cry and Supplement because the Captain had sold out, ask him to send to the Trade Secretary for some more. We supply all orders by return mail as long as the stock will last.

The Frost-Burned Elements were dissolving, and the sun indicated the thawing propensities of the weather, yet we marched along 105 on the march; down New-Green Street and up Water Street, with three brass instruments leading off such choruses as— "Then awake, happy song," "His blood can make the violet class," etc.

Newfoundland Province.

(Continued from last week.)

Major Morris writes : "I skimmed the correspondence awaiting me, and some fragrance of the office has drawn my heart out wonderfully. One editor, who is trying to reach Newfoundlanders on some special basis, writes he already has travelled 400 miles, and a great deal of that.

On Snow-Shoes.

His food freezing so hard, that he could not eat lunch, by-the-way, drinking water out of very dangerous places, his companion holding on to him, for fear of the snow and ice giving way. Sometimes skating, sometimes climbing mountains ; but he means pressing through. We are looking for him coming in every day. Not one word of discouragement have I read from any of them ; all seem determined and full of hope, and none uncertain."

Captain Payne volunteered to report the War Cry for the wireless meeting, and Captain Joe, the Sunday's meeting, and Captain Joe, the Sunday's meeting. They report as follows :

Great Reception to Major and Mrs. Morris.

City officers, Garrison Cadets, and a few soldiers, unexpectedly, turned up at the wharf, to give Major and Mrs. Morris, our new leaders, a down-right, royal, warm-hearted reception to the Commandant's "pet Island."

These happy people are capable of making a Salvationist, in particular, feel "at home."

Our Army barracks was crowded. As Major and Mrs. Morris were drawing nigh to the platform, led on by the indomitable Adjutant, some soul-touching volleys full of salvation sounded out. Oh, how heavenly are these volleys when given in the spirit! No time lost ; the Major called for prayer, and opened the meeting by singing out—

"Short-alec salvation, boys."

Then after prayer, a song by Captain Elsberry, from the most excellent Easter Catechism published in Canada. Major read from the good Book, and gave us a pathetic, soul-stirring address, shaking hands with our feelings.

Adjutant led the testimonies, which bubbled up and boiled over, without tipping the pot.

Some danced out their testimonies, some others shouted from joy.

The Major got initiated right away, and he is reckoned now as a Newfoundlander, because he is engaged in a war dance.

Mrs. Morris has her way into the hearts of the people.

Captain Payne said that he was glad to meet the Major in Newfoundland, and he enjoyed a salvation which made him happy.

Captain Mervin, the Rescue Home Master, told how she took great delight and pleasure in doing God's will.

W. J. P.

Sunday night's meeting was one long to be remembered, not only as being the first Sunday night that Major and Mrs. Morris spent

in describing heaven she said that, after all, the glory, the joy, and song were only the continuation of what we enjoyed down here, only fuller, grander, brighter ; the first impulse of the renewed soul is to shout glory, or at least it was in her case.

Though we lame officers have not as yet been able, either by force or example, or other means, to persuade our poor Mother into joining us in praising the Lord in the dance, yet we felt as she spoke that at least she was no stranger to the glory.

She assures us that she enjoys seeing others enjoying themselves in this or any other way in the Lord.

After prayer the Major drew in the net, faithfully dealing with the people. After some united prayer and faith we were rewarded by seeing two sisters kneeling at the mercy seat.

A short wind-up followed, led by Adjutant Smeeks.

Our new leaders have, we believe, already won the hearts of the people.

Staff-Captain Sharp and Lieutenant Morris take in Odessa.

We had to fall back on the old and primitive conveyance—the stage—to take us to our destination—Odessa.



Two old ladies began to talk to each other on religious topics. No doubt our uniform was an incentive to this. We passed a church on the way, when one said :

"That does not look a very grand build."

Her companion replied :

"It is not the church that saves."

We thought this true. Some of the greatest martyrs in Christianity have been saved when they have sat at boards which rested on barrels, and the light was that of candles, the grease of which flowed down the wall, and so frequently dropped on their coats. The saints also have given way under their burdens, and have come with a crash on some individual's

High Crowned Hat.

Odessa was reached. The Staff-Captain and myself went to the quarters and landed at the door (as we thought) when the Staff-Captain opened it and marched in, shouting, "Glory." But to our astonishment we found there was a mistake, the Captain had moved, and we had to march out, feeling rather — We got to the right place at last.

At the barracks we found a fine crowd gathered. A song and solo was rendered, as well as different instruments being brought into use.

We were landed at the holiness meeting Sunday morning every soldier prayed for the blessing of God to be with us. Our faith went up, for surely "the prayers of the righteous availeth much."

One brother in his testimony, said : "If God wants me to be a wheel-barrow I will wheel for Him."

Another : "I'm so happy I don't hardly know whether I'm in heaven or on earth."

There were two or three

Got the Glory, and Danced.

One good lady gave vent by taking a run to the end of the building. At the final two came out for the blessing.

Afternoon meeting. Everything seemed to go off well.

Said one comrade, newly saved, "If you are in the valley you can get out and get on the mountain top. I was there, but came out."

At night, barracks packed out. Appropriate solos and songs were sung. The barracks gave the best of attention at this corps. The Lieutenant, Captain, and Lieutenant Morris spoke consecutively, and Staff-Captain Sharp drew in the net, not in vain, thank God, but with one soul pleading with God for mercy, which he testified to finding. God keep him true.

The work of God is rolling on in Odessa, and everything is looking very bright. The glory we give to God.

BLO.

"Go to the Salvation Army. Their religion is the only thing that can keep you out of prison," said an unaved woman to her brother on his release from twelve years' imprisonment in Massachusetts. The man had received similar advice from the jail chaplain, and he was anxious to leave the place, but he was afraid to leave the city, and was compelled to remain. He was given a job, and was soon successful in his work, and was soon promoted to a higher position. He was soon promoted to a higher position, and was soon successful in his work, and was soon promoted to a higher position.

